

# ARTIFICIAL CREATION OF LIFE

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## SEPTEMBER COSMOPOLITAN





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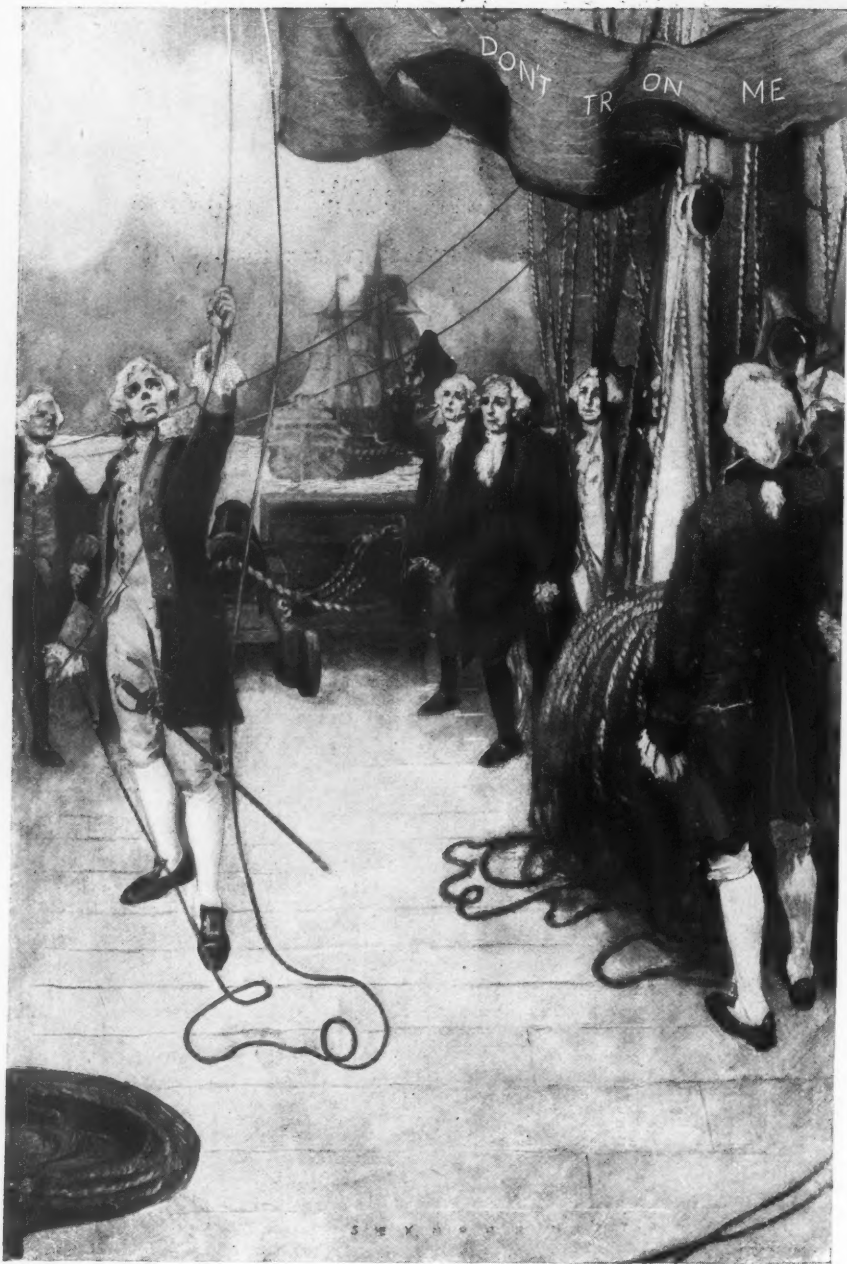
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*Drawn by Seymour M. Stone*

THE FLAG IS BENT ON THE HALYARDS AND "BROKEN OUT" BY LIEUT. PAUL JONES

(See "Story of Paul Jones," page 490)

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Mlle. YAKOVENKO, WITH HER COMPANIONS, ON AMBULANCE DUTY ON THE BATTLE-FIELD. SHE IS THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE GROUP

## Two Russian Heroines

Mlle. Yakovenko, the Only Woman to Wear the Cross of the Order of St. George, and Hélène Smolko, a Girl Cossack of Eighteen

BY CLARENCE STETSON



ONG since, the days of Amazons passed away, but the war between the Russians and the Japanese has shown that women are still capable of sublime devotion and incredible deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice.

A young girl belonging to the best circles of Russian society stands out as an example of the part that brave women have played during the

war in the East. She bears the picturesque name of Yakovenko-Yakovlev, and wears upon her breast the military cross of the Russian order of Saint George, rarely bestowed upon men and never before accorded a woman.

Although only twenty-two years old when the war broke out, Mlle. Yakovenko did not lose a moment in asking for and obtaining the position of ambulance attendant. Young as she was, attractive and full of the love of living, she put society and its joys

behind her, gladly exchanging all for the sake of serving her country and the cause of humanity on the battle-fields and in the rude camps of Manchuria.

rain of shells fell about her, she worked on unflinchingly. In fact, to her zeal and absolute self-abnegation must be ascribed the wound which necessitated the amputa-



MLLE. YAKOVENKO IN THE HARBIN HOSPITAL AFTER THE AMPUTATION OF HER LEG

Even later, when this frail young girl found that to fulfil her mission she must oftentimes labor in a sea of blood while a

tion of her right leg above the knee. This operation she supported with rare fortitude, and never complained of the mutilation,

which must have come as a horrible shock to her delicate nature.

It was during the memorable battle of Liao-Yang, in October of last year, that the ambulance to which Mlle. Yakovenko was attached drew up at the railway station of the town of the same name. Every train was filled with the wounded and dying. Suddenly General Kuropatkin rode up and ordered that all the sick and wounded should be sent on with the utmost expedition, as the Japanese columns were approaching.

Two hours later, the bombardment of Liao-Yang began, and the deadly projectiles of the enemy rained down on the railway station. Hurriedly, the last of the wounded were sent on, and it only remained to gather up the effects of the hospital corps and withdraw to a less dangerous position.

Accompanied by a surgeon, Mlle. Yakovenko was on her way to the hospital-train to direct the loading of the baggage. At this moment the fire of the Japanese redoubled in its fierceness, causing a panic among the Chinese and Russians who were handling the baggage. These men all concealed themselves in the cars.

What happened then is best narrated in Mlle. Yakovenko's own language: "Noticing that more projectiles fell on my right than on the other side, I turned toward the left, following the rails. I was overcome with fatigue and walked slowly.

Then there was a deafening sound behind me and I fell senseless. When I came to myself, I noticed a file of passing cars and was aware of a babel of voices. 'Since I am conscious, I had better get up,' I thought to myself. I tried to rise, but could not. Finally I raised myself on my arms, and saw that my right leg was shattered. About me was a pool of blood. Before I had time to grasp the horror of it all, I heard the voice



HÉLÈNE SMOLKO, WHO JOINED A BODY OF COSSACKS AS MICHEL NIKOLAÏVITCH

of the surgeon who had accompanied me. He had been wounded, too, but less severely.

"In reply to his calls, men rushed to my side and lifted me up. My right leg adhered to the rails. I suffered indescribable torture. Directly I was placed in an ambulance-wagon. We started at once, for we were in danger of being captured. My companions who pressed about me recognized me with difficulty. My head was as black as

coal and my body was completely covered with dirt. It was a shrapnel shell which wounded me in both my legs and scorched my head."

The brave girl was hurried to the hospital of Harbin, where fragments of the shell were extracted from her leg. An effort was made to save the limb, but as gangrene set in, it became necessary to amputate it.

It will be noticed that Mlle. Yakovenko, in describing what happened to her and her sensations during the events of that dreadful day, confined herself to the bare facts as far as she could recall them. From her simple narrative one might infer that there was nothing unusual about it all, but merely something that might have happened to any woman. But those who were near the heroic girl at the very moment when the Japanese shells were falling about her tell a story calculated to bring tears to the eyes of those who pause to picture to themselves the wonderful courage of this delicate Russian woman amid horrible surroundings.

They say that her devotion to the wounded was absolutely sublime. When the shells began to fall, the other nurses and many of the hospital attendants left for places of safety. Mlle. Yakovenko could have gone with the rest, easily, but with the moans of the dying in her ears she refused to leave the point of danger.

"I became a nurse," she said, "of my own free will and I should die of shame if I shirked my duty the moment danger came. Having asked for this position myself, I should be depriving these poor wounded men, perhaps, of the services of another woman who might have proved more conscientious and courageous than I should be if I were to leave here now. No, my duty before God lies here, and here I remain."

This statement Mlle. Yakovenko made to the surgeon who tried to persuade her to withdraw, and who was afterward injured by the same shell that wounded the brave nurse.

In the future this devoted young girl will be obliged to use crutches, which, together with the cross of Saint George upon her breast, will furnish silent testimony to her faithful heroism. And if, at the very spring-time of her existence, which gave so fair a promise, she has suffered so cruel a bodily mutilation, her soul remains intact. Already, before her wound has healed, she dreams of returning to minister to those suf-

fering ones for whom she has already given so much.

When those about her ask as to her plan for the future, her sweet eyes light up as she replies, "When my wound is quite well, a pair of crutches will be made for me and I shall return to Manchuria."

Another case of valiant service to the Russian cause by a young woman is unique of its kind. The heroine in this case is Hélène Smolko, who, hiding her identity and her sex under the masculine name of Michel Nikolaïvitch, succeeded in having herself attached to a body of Cossacks under the command of General Ivanov. This corps of Cossacks was used principally for reconnoitering purposes, and had been commanded by Count Keller until he was killed by a Japanese shell. General Ivanov accepted the young recruit on the personal recommendation of General Kuropatkin.

The story of how this young girl succeeded in being accepted as a combatant in the Russian ranks, against all regulations and precedents, is interesting. Her education was such as usually falls to the lot of boys. This fact, and a knowledge of several languages and local dialects, enabled her, at the age of eighteen, to be engaged by the general staff of the army guarding the frontier. During the campaign against the Chinese she served as a hospital nurse, but her venturesome nature sought something more exciting. The occasion came with the present war.

She enlisted, always as an interpreter, in the regiment of Cossacks commanded by Vechniakov. Passing in the eyes of her comrades as a young recruit and known as Michel Nikolaïvitch, she took part in the first reconnaissance around Liao-Yang. She showed such coolness under all circumstances, and was such an expert shot, that her comrades, who regarded her as a young boy, conceived the greatest respect for her.

As a boy she was presented to General Rennenkampf, who had her regularly enrolled in the division of Cossacks without pay. In this way she was able to wear the uniform of the real Cossacks and to take part in many fights.

It was during one of the murderous battles of last November that Hélène Smolko was wounded. Taken to the hospital at Mukden, she was cared for there until the place was evacuated by the Russians. Her life is not in danger and her Odyssey as a Cossack is probably not terminated as yet.



LELAND STANFORD JR. BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY AND SURROUNDINGS, PACIFIC GROVE, MONTEREY BAY

## Artificial Creation of Life

Latest Laboratory Experiments of Loeb in America and Burke in England

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS

*At the request of the COSMOPOLITAN, Mr. Serviss spent some time in May last with Doctor Loeb at the biological laboratory of the Leland Stanford Jr. University, Pacific Grove, California. This article is the result of many talks with Doctor Loeb and a careful examination into the present state and possibilities of his remarkable work, as well as a study of other authorities, including Doctor Burke, of Cambridge, England.—Editor's Note.*

**T**HE question of questions is, "What is Life?" No one can wonder that the mind of the public has been greatly excited from time to time during the last year or two over reports about the discoveries made by celebrated physiologists in their laboratories, for those reports have boldly asserted that the secret of life and death has at last been discovered; that man has actually created living things out of dead matter, and that the mystery of vital existence, the standing miracle of the ages, is now no more mysterious than a chemical formula. The beating of the heart, the action of the nerves,

even the very thoughts emanating from the brain, have been represented as the result of known chemical reactions, or of the working of electric forces already under the control of science. Death, we have been told, is now proved to be no inevitable decree of nature, while the indefinite prolongation of life merely depends upon the skilful management of certain "catalyzers"—that is to say, substances that possess the property of accelerating processes which without such interference would proceed too slowly.

The latest announcement of the artificial production of life comes from the Cavendish laboratory at Cambridge, England.

This alleged achievement of Professor



MIDWAY POINT, MONTEREY BAY, NEAR THE BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY

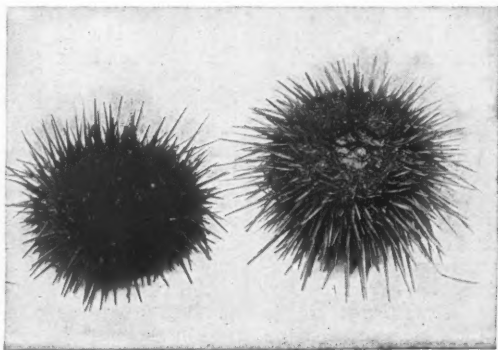
Burke's, supposed to have been effected by the action of radium upon sterilized bouillon, or beef gelatin, is of so revolutionary a nature that one might be disposed to dismiss it at once on the score of gross improbability, but for the fact that Professor Burke's reputation and ability are highly vouched for, and but for the further facts that the Cavendish laboratory with which he is connected is one of the best equipped institutions of the kind in England, while several English men of science who have personally examined his results appear to be considerably nonplussed concerning them. At various times heretofore the announcement has been made that spontaneous generation had been effected in artificial cultures, but every time it has been shown, in the end, that some source of error had been overlooked which completely vitiated the results. On the other hand, it may be said that never until quite recently have experimenters had at their command an agent of such wonderful, and in many respects unknown, powers as radioactivity. The various experiments that have been made to determine the effect of radium emanations upon bacteria and other life-forms cannot be said to throw any light upon its possible influence in awakening vital phenomena in

previously dead matter. If this power exists, it presents radioactivity in an entirely new and unexpected phase. It is reported that Professor Burke was led to his experiments by Pflüger's suggestion that there were elements of life in the phosphorescence of cyanogen. But he (Professor Burke) could get no signs of vitality from cyanogen introduced into culture media; and finally, reflecting upon the marvelous phenomena of radium, which exhibit the atom apparently in a state of dissolution, he determined to try what could be done with their aid.

Professor Loeb has unquestionably produced animal life having but one line of heredity—that represented by the female or mother element—but Professor Burke's experiments indicate the possibility of eliminating heredity entirely and producing life from inanimate matter, without father or mother. The nature of these experiments is described at the end of this article.

Every intelligent reader knows that many of these reports have been sensationally

exaggerated. They have been met with denials, corrections and contradictions, and some of the investigators whose work has given rise to them have grown indignant over the needless misrepresentations of their scientific labors. It is simply another



SEA-URCHINS—UPPER AND UNDER SIDES. THEY PUSH AND ROLL THEMSELVES ABOUT WITH THEIR SPINES

example, but a very striking one, of the proneness of the untutored imagination to fly instantly to the farthest goal indicated by any new idea which may be suggested to it. What to the sober scientific mind is merely an ideal aimed at, becomes to the lively popular fancy a fact already achieved.

Yet the old adage, that where there is

"One of the fundamental problems of biology," Prof. Jacques Loeb has said, "is to find a definite answer to the question whether or not it is possible to make living matter out of dead matter."

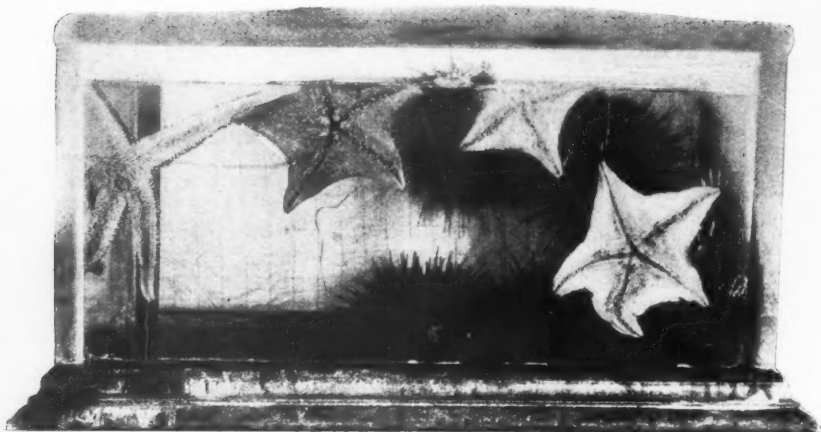
That fundamental problem of biology has floated dreamily before the human mind ever since men began to observe nature and



JACQUES LOEB

much smoke there must be some fire, is verified here no less than in other instances. In truth, the real facts in this case, when intelligently considered, appear far more interesting and significant than any of the extravagant stories for which they have furnished fuel, and it is the intention of this article to show, without technicalities, what these scientific facts are.

to think about the questions that it raises. It is a problem that seems to many to strike its roots deeper than does the old problem of the alchemists who sought to turn base metals into gold, and yet there is reason for thinking that the one may, in the end, prove no more difficult of solution than the other. In approaching this question we are led back to another: "How did life begin on



SEA-URCHINS AND STARFISH IN A TANK OF RUNNING SEA-WATER, LOEB LABORATORY

our planet?" There are two leading hypotheses, either of which may conduct us to the answer. In the first place, the fact that no one has ever yet observed in nature the spontaneous generation of a living organism, the transformation of dead matter into living matter (except in the processes going on within an already living organism), has induced some thinkers to assume that living matter has existed eternally, and has been carried from star to star throughout the universe. Everybody has heard of Lord Kelvin's "fragment of an exploded world" bearing the first germ of life to the earth. This whimsical dream contains briefly the idea underlying the hypothesis of the transference of living matter from star to star which the great chemist Arrhenius has developed with some fulness. This supposed eternally living matter, to whose temporary possession we, like all other animate things, owe the brief span of our material life, is assumed by Arrhenius to be conveyed through space in the shape of particles so minute that they possibly lie beyond the limit of microscopic visibility. Even such particles, however, may be living spores and may retain their vitality in spite of the terrific cold prevailing in the interstellar voids. By means of ingenious calculations, based upon the pressure known to be exerted by the rays of light, and also upon the effect of electric charges borne by the particles, Arrhenius shows how the latter may be driven across the vast intervals that separate from one another the millions of stars com-

posing the universe. Thus, according to this hypothesis, when the earth reached a condition fit to nourish them, the spores of life that drifted in upon it like floating seeds caught upon a coral islet, took root, and flourished, and multiplied, until the globe became covered with animate existences.

Opposed to this stands the hypothesis of "abiogenesis," which is simply another term for spontaneous generation. We have already seen how the absence of any scientifically attested example of the spontaneous generation of life in nature gave rise to the star-to-star-transmission theory just explained. But, in the opinion of many investigators, the negative fact that no case of the direct transformation of dead into living matter has been recorded is not conclusive. They think not only that life originated on the earth itself when the latter had reached the proper condition, but that, possibly, man may some time find out how to imitate the vital processes of nature and thus be able to create living things by artificial means. That this is not a conception repugnant to the scientific mind, but, on the contrary, one distinctly entertained, may be indicated by a further quotation from Professor Loeb:

"We are warned by a number of reasons not to be too hasty in assuming the impossibility of abiogenesis. As far as we know, the substances found in living organisms are chemically well characterized and can be obtained outside of living organisms. Moreover, the growth of an animal or plant from

a microscopic germ to its adult state depends upon a constant transformation of dead matter into living matter. Did this transformation not occur constantly in all living beings, no living organism would be left to-day. . . .

"In going over in detail all the features of life phenomena, we find that many of them can either be imitated in inorganic nature in all their details, or can be controlled unequivocally by physical or chemical means. In fact, this is the case to so great an extent that it almost causes surprise that the experimental transformation of dead matter into living has not been accomplished."

But he then immediately proceeds to point out that we must, nevertheless, "consider the fact that the peculiar complex of physical conditions which we call the structure of living organisms is absolutely essential to life phenomena." This complex has not been artificially produced, so that on the question of abiogenesis the biologist faces two possibilities:

"Biologists will either succeed through a series of discoveries in transforming dead matter into living matter, or they will finally discover that there is as definite a discontinuity between dead matter and living mat-

ter as there is between two chemical elements."\*

It must now be evident to the reader that no biologist or physiologist would pretend, at the present day, to be able to create life in the laboratory, although, at the same time, he may believe in the possibility of such creation being effected at some future date.

"What is it, then," it may be asked, "that has caused so much ado? Upon what are all these sensational stories based?"

Well, let us see.

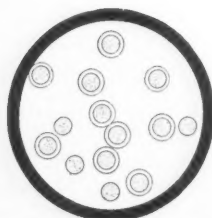
Animal life begins with an ovum, or egg. In most cases the egg is of microscopic dimensions, although large animals may grow from it. But the egg is not everything. Before an egg can develop into an animal it must be fertilized with a substance called sperm. Nature furnishes both the egg and the sperm, and finds an infinite variety of ways to bring them together. Science cannot make the egg, nor provide a substitute for the egg, but it has done something hardly less surprising—it has discovered a way to fertilize the egg without sperm!

Certain very simple chemical solutions

\* The Limitations of Biological Research, by Jacques Loeb, University of California Publications, Physiology, Vol. I, No. 5, pp. 33-37.



DETACHING STARFISH FROM THE ROCKS UNDER WATER, MONTEREY BAY



EGGS OF SEA-URCHIN

seen under microscope. White circle around many of the eggs is the formation of a membrane, first change in fertilization. Later change shown in next figure.

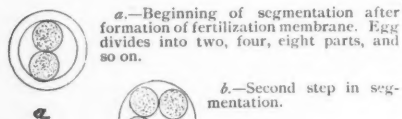
the same stages of growth that it would have passed through if fertilized in nature's man-

are brought into contact with the unfertilized egg (which if left to itself would soon disintegrate and disappear), and immediately the vital stimulus is felt and the egg begins to develop into a living animal, passing in succession through precisely

ments found in the specific quotations made from his writings, and the reader who wishes to consider these with critical attention should take them in connection with their original context in the publications from which they are quoted.

It will readily be understood that experiments such as those just described cannot, at least at present, be made upon the eggs of animals of the higher orders. How far the principle is applicable remains to be demonstrated, but for a beginning some of the simpler forms of animal organisms must necessarily be dealt with. It so happens that the eggs of two species of marine animals, more or less familiar to all dwellers on the sea-coast, the starfish and the sea-urchin, are particularly suited for manipulation in the laboratory. These animals, as well as many other interesting forms of marine life, are especially abundant on the shores of the beautiful Monterey Bay, in California. At Pacific Grove, at one corner

of that bay, is situated the laboratory of the Leland Stanford Jr. University, and here, by courteous invitation, Professor Loeb has recently carried on



a.—Beginning of segmentation after formation of fertilization membrane. Egg divides into two, four, eight parts, and so on.



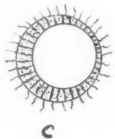
b.—Second step in segmentation.

ner with the vitalizing sperm.

This is the process of artificial parthenogenesis (*parthenos*, virgin; *genesis*, production), which, wonderful enough in itself, has given rise to so many misstatements and exaggerations.

As we shall see in a moment, the processes by which this artificial fertilization has been achieved are in themselves intensely interesting, and within the present year a very great advance has been made, so that every step is now watched with the utmost eagerness. Although other distinguished investigators have been, and are, engaged in this work, yet the leader without question is Professor Loeb, now of the University of California. Yet, as his friends and scientific associates know, Professor Loeb himself would be the last to claim or admit this distinction. He feels that both the good name and the future prospects of science in America have been seriously endangered by the injudicious, unauthorized and sensational publications already referred to, and, for the dignity of science, he refrains from making public any statements beyond those contained in his technical papers. Professor Loeb is in no way responsible for anything in this article, except the state-

c.—Blastula stage. A body cavity begins to form; hairlike appendages are put out, and the creature moves about in the water.



d.—Gastrula stage. First indication of a skeleton.

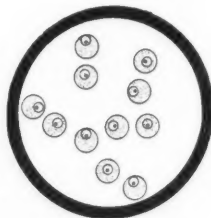


e.—Pluteus stage. Skeleton and intestine have formed. This stage is as far as artificially fertilized eggs have been developed. The animals now require food which cannot be supplied under laboratory conditions; hence they starve to death.

#### SUCCESSIVE STAGES OF DEVELOPMENT OF SEA-URCHIN AFTER ARTIFICIAL FERTILIZATION OF EGG

a part of his work, his own laboratory being situated at Berkeley, on San Francisco Bay, the seat of the University of California.

Collectors armed with iron-shod poles, and booted to the hips with rubber, wade into the transparent water among the rocks incrustured with glittering shells, including the famous abalone, and prize off



EGGS OF STARFISH

seen under microscope and showing the nuclei and nucleoli. These disappear as the eggs mature.

the starfish and sea-urchins, as well as certain species of mollusks, removing them to the tanks in the laboratory, where they are kept until needed for the experiments. To the uninstructed eye there is little in such a laboratory with its bare floors, its long wooden tables and its glaring array of window-lights to indicate the importance of the work there performed. But the scores of crystal-clear finger-bowls and watch-glasses covering the tables, the huge jars of sterilized water, the bottles of chemicals,

by experiment, the eggs are removed from the artificial solutions and placed in normal sea-water. Some of them are then put in a watch-glass under the microscope, in order that the observer may note the changes that occur. At the end of a certain time they are seen to put forth a transparent membrane, the membrane of fertilization, which envelops them in the shape of an extremely thin spherical shell, and is visible in the microscope as a delicate circle enclosing the egg. The appearance of this membrane may be



INTERIOR OF DOCTOR LOEB'S LABORATORY, PACIFIC GROVE. THE FINGER-BOWLS CONTAIN THOUSANDS OF STARFISH AND SEA-URCHIN EGGS WHOSE DEVELOPMENT IS WATCHED UNDER THE MICROSCOPE

the pipettes, the polished surgical instruments, the tanks full of prisoners kept in running water, and the great microscopes standing in stiff staring attitudes, do suggest the spirit of investigation and of prying into nature's secrets.

Now, let us inquire just how the substitution of an artificial process for the natural fertilization of the animal egg is effected. The eggs, in swarming numbers (for they are extremely small), are taken from the body of a female sea-urchin, and put into glass dishes containing artificial solutions, presently to be described. After a time, the proper length of which has been determined

called the first visible evidence that the egg is about to develop into a living animal. Just such a membrane appears when an egg has been fertilized in the natural way by the entrance of a spermatozoön.

Once started, the life-processes succeed one another rapidly. After the membrane has formed, the next notable step is the segmentation of the egg. Without apparent cause, it splits into two parts, into four, into eight, and so on. It is fascinating to watch these seemingly mysterious, motiveless, spontaneous changes of form. It is true that they would be the same if the fertilization had been natural, and that they occur in

virtually the same way in the developing egg of any animal, but the interest of the watcher is redoubled when he reflects that, in this case, it was human interference and not the regular course of nature that loosed the life-forces and set them going.

The third phase of development occurs when the segmented egg takes the form of a globular sac consisting of a single layer of cells. In this shape it is called a "blastula" (from a Greek word for germ), and now it begins to move. It puts out little threads, or cilia, and swims in the water. This, to ordinary apprehension, might appear as the first evidence that the thing is really alive. But the development is by no means completed. The blastula gradually changes into a more complex organism, the "gastrula" (from a Greek word for stomach). It is now a germ-cup with walls consisting of a double layer of tissue. At length the first indications of a skeleton begin to make their appearance, and the protean organism once more alters form, and becomes a "pluteus" (Latin, *pluteum*, a shed or mantle). In this phase the skeleton rapidly develops, an intestine forms, and the trained eye can discern in this curiously shaped larva the growing image of the complete adult sea-urchin.

But in the laboratory the creatures are

carried no further than the pluteus stage. Thousands of plutei are raised, but they perish, literally starve to death, before reaching the adult state, because the means of supplying them with nourishment such as they would obtain in the sea has not yet been discovered. Since they cannot be fed, they must, at this point, be left to their fate; this fact, however, in no manner challenges the success of the experiment so far as the result of the artificial fertilization is concerned. As long as they live, the little creatures develop in a perfectly normal way, and there is now no doubt that a method will be found by which an animal born from an artificially fertilized egg will be fully developed and sent out into life as if originated by purely natural means.

Next as to the nature of the solutions that furnish the stimulus and play the part of sperm in fertilizing the eggs. There is no magic about these. In his earlier experiments, before going to California, Professor Loeb simply placed the unfertilized eggs for a period of about two hours in concentrated sea-water, or sea-water whose density had been increased by adding a certain quantity of salt. Upon removing the eggs into ordinary sea-water, he found that they segmented and then developed into living larvae. Yet the process of development differed in some important particulars from that of nature. Some of the steps were skipped. One notable difference was that no membrane was formed. But within the past year he has discovered a way to imitate the natural process of development in all its particulars, each step following in due order. The eggs are first treated with a solution of acetic or formic acid for a period of only a minute or two, and are then put into normal sea-water for five or ten minutes, whereupon they form a regular membrane. Next they are placed in concentrated sea-water for thirty or forty minutes, and after that, upon being removed into ordinary sea-water again, they develop \* into blastulae, gastrulae



CAPTURING A SEA-URCHIN ON THE SHORE

\* The reader may check the statements in the text, and obtain full technical information, by consulting—University of California Publications, Physiology, Vol. II, No. 9, pp. 83-86, Feb. 25, 1905; No. 11, pp. 89-92, March 16, 1905; No. 14, pp. 29, 113-123, May 18, 1905.

and plutei, in the manner which we have before described.

It would lie beyond the popular aim of this article to attempt an explanation of the way in which the solutions that have been described influence the egg. It is sufficient simply to say that their effect is believed to be due to osmosis—that is to say, to the passage of liquids through the walls of the egg, which is effected in consequence of the alteration of osmotic pressure produced by varying the concentration of the solutions.

Similar processes have resulted in the fertilization of the eggs of some species of mollusks. In the case of the higher animals it has been suggested that it is not impossible that a transitory change in the ions of the blood might allow of the occurrence of complete parthenogenesis in mammals.

While these experiments do not lead back of the egg, which, as already remarked, cannot be artificially formed, yet physiologists feel that they nevertheless have a bearing upon the question of abiogenesis, or the making of living out of dead matter, and may eventually throw important light upon it. In another way they possess more immediate significance, and that is with regard to the problems of heredity. As animals come into existence along nature's lines they combine the peculiarities of two parents. But when they spring from artificially fertilized eggs the male element is eliminated, and only the characteristics of the mother are transmitted. Thus when the difficulty of raising to the adult state a brood of sea-urchins, or other animals, developed through artificial parthenogenesis shall have been overcome, biologists will have in their hands material for investigation which will be entirely new to science and no one can tell to what discoveries it may lead.

Professor Loeb has also succeeded in producing living larvæ by fertilizing the egg of the sea-urchin with the sperm of the starfish, thus opening a line of experiments bearing upon another great problem of biology—that of the transformation of species. These experiments have not been



SEARCHING FOR MOLLUSCAN LIFE-FORMS WHICH LEND THEMSELVES TO EXPERIMENTS IN ARTIFICIAL FERTILIZATION

pushed very far as yet; but, in view of the brilliant results recently obtained in the plant kingdom through the variations produced by crossing and hybridization, the importance of the beginning thus made in animal hybridization becomes evident.

Within the past few weeks wide-spread interest has been awakened by reports from England that Prof. J. B. Burke, of the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, has possibly solved the problem of abiogenesis, or the production of living from non-living matter, with the aid of that omnipotent wizard of the popular imagination, radium.

According to the meager cabled descriptions of Professor Burke's proceedings, he placed radium in a test-tube containing sterilized bouillon and got from the mixture microscopic growths, or cultures, resembling, at first sight, what is seen when bacteria are cultivated in tubes of bouillon. But under the microscope these cultures were found to differ from any known form of micro-organism. All possibility of the invasion of living germs was believed to have been eliminated, and yet these minute

rounded objects, formed in the sterilized medium, *seemed to be alive*. They are said to have exhibited the characteristics of living protoplasm, at least so far that they subdivided, grew and multiplied. Subdivision, growth and reproduction belong to what is called the vegetative stage of life, but the higher properties of irritability, or response to external influences, and of independent motion do not appear to have been exhibited by Professor Burke's cultures.

He himself is represented as in doubt about the nature of the mysterious objects, and he has provisionally named them "radiobes," without positively asserting that they consist of living matter. He only avers that he has produced manifestations hitherto unknown and which suggest vitality. Dr. Sims Woodhead, of Cambridge, after examining the objects, is reported to have pronounced them to be certainly not bacteria, but possibly crystals. In opposition to this it is pointed out that they are unlike any known form of crystal, but do show indications of possessing nuclei. The importance of this statement lies in the fact that nuclei are characteristic of living matter before its development into specific organisms. There must be both protoplasm and a nucleus present in order that development may occur. If, then, there are true nuclei exhibited by the cultures obtained by Professor Burke, to that extent they resemble real protoplasm, that "physical basis of life" whose origin has never been explained and whose vital properties have never been imitated—unless it should turn out that the long-sought imitation has now, at last, been achieved.

It may assist the reader to understand the nature of Professor Burke's experiments to say that the "bouillon" spoken of is a familiar culture medium employed by bacteriolo-

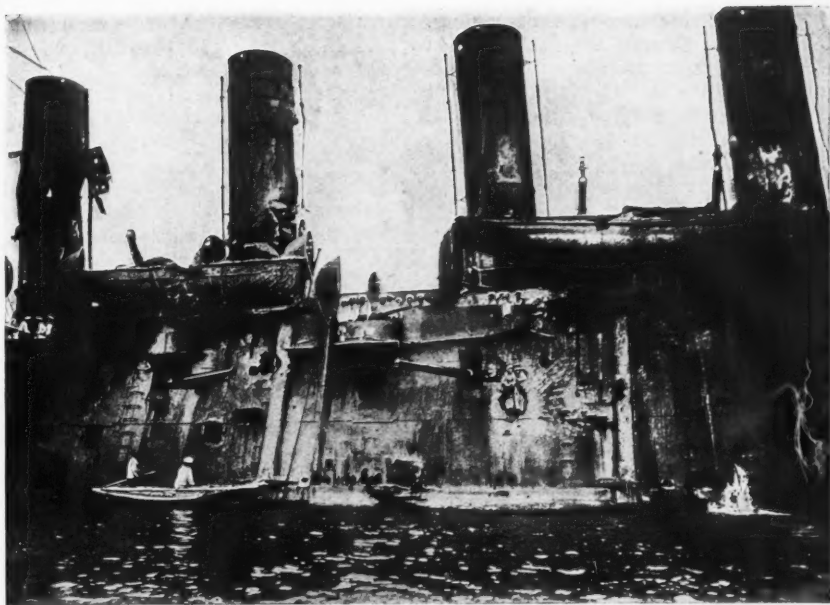
gists. Such bouillon is not exactly the same as that served at table, although it does consist of an infusion of meat in water, strained very clear, and ordinarily having added to it certain substances calculated to nourish bacterial life. When thoroughly sterilized, it can contain no germ of life except such as may be artificially introduced. But it does contain the chief chemical elements that go to make up the structure of a living organism.

If there was no fault, or oversight, in the preparations, these inorganic substances lay in the test-tube without the presence or suggestion of any vitality, simply the materials from which a living cell, the egg of life, might spring into being provided that the vitalizing touch could be given. Assuming for the moment the correctness of the idea that Professor Burke's cultures are living things, that touch of apparent magic must have come from the radium.

But how could radium put life into dead matter? The imagination seeks an answer in the electric properties of radium. The particles continually flying off from it consist of ions, or divided molecules, some of which bear positive and some negative charges of electricity. Such ions, it is known, play an important, but as yet only partially understood, rôle in some of the basic phenomena of living matter. If the radioactivity in the sterilized bouillon is capable of producing unstable combinations among the molecules of matter subjected to its action, conceivably something very surprising may be the result.

But the whole subject is yet too dark for satisfactory explanation. Still, its intrinsic interest is supreme, and a definite decision as to these microscopic objects, whether they are crystals, or aggregates of a new kind, or actual living organisms, will be eagerly awaited.





MIDSHIP SECTION OF RUSSIAN PROTECTED CRUISER *GROMOBOI* AFTER THE BATTLE WITH ADMIRAL KAMIMURA'S SQUADRON

## Highest of All Explosives

Work of the Terrible Shimose, as shown in the Wrecked Russian Battle-ships

BY PAUL BRIÈRE

**S**INCE Japan began to treat Europe to what Henri Rochefort terms "the greatest shower-bath to its vanity ever received," by laying low the minions of the czar, on land and sea, scores of reasons have been advanced to account for the astounding and continued successes of the Japanese arms.

Corruption in high places among Russian officials, the unpreparedness of both the army and the navy, the distance of the Russians from their base, the presence of nihilists in their ranks, and a score or more equally diverse theories have been offered by way of accounting for the unexpected, of explaining the inexplicable.

Singularly enough, a potent factor in achieving results so disastrous to Russia has been but little dwelt upon. The mighty contributing agent to Japanese success referred to is the wonderful character and awful force of the explosive used against the Russians, to the destructive powers of which the czar's defenders testify with no little admiration and with something very much like awe.

The inventor of the explosive used by Japan, Dr. Gian Shimose, is one of the men most honored in his country to-day. With Togo and Oyama, this quiet, scholarly-looking little man, wearing spectacles, shares a warm place in the hearts of his countrymen. Moreover, the emperor himself has testified the esteem in which he holds his chief chemist in explosives

by overwhelming him with decorations, for if Doctor Shimose has not performed prodigious deeds upon the field of action, like Togo and Oyama, he has put in their hands a Titanic agent which has ably seconded the mikado's virtues and those of his ancestors in winning wonderful victories.

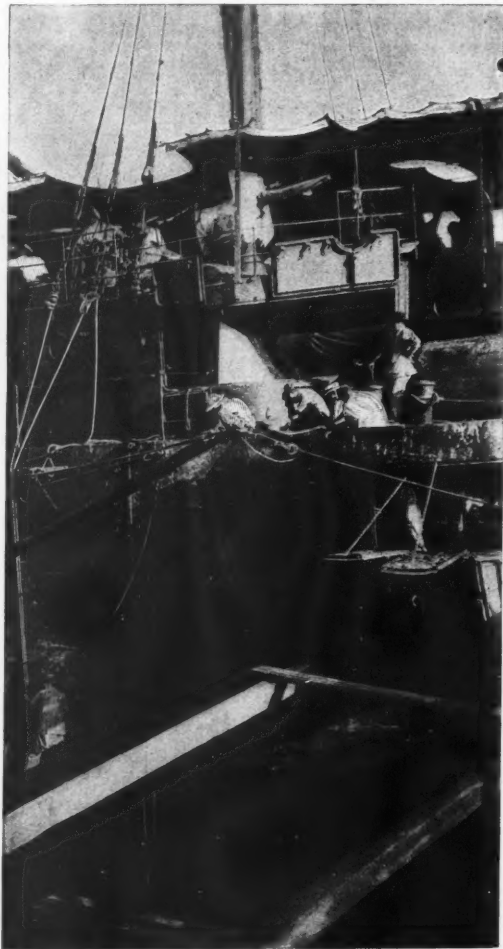
Owing to the secrecy maintained as to all details connected with the War Department in Japan—or for that matter, in all departments connected with the Government—the secret of the powder known as shimose, in honor of its inventor, is little understood. Experiments have shown, however, that it can be heaped on burning coals and banged with a heavy hammer without any result beyond burning with a languid blaze. But when the simple fulminating device designed by its inventor was used, its power of annihilation was clearly shown.

Once while demonstrating its possibilities, Doctor Shimose spread a quantity of his powder in a circle on a flat iron surface, and when he exploded it, the powder, unconfined as it was, blew a hole through the iron, of the same circumference as

the ring of powder. Shimose has been at work on his powder for ten years, and was once well-nigh blinded and several times nearly killed by premature explosions before he had brought his powder to its present state of perfection which makes it non-explosive without the fulminating attachment.

It is well known that every nation has its own especial choice in the way of a favorite rifle for the army or a special ordnance for the navy. England has her Lee-Enfield rifle, Germany her Mauser and the United States her Krag-Jorgensen, while every nation is experimenting more or less along the same line in developing naval ordnance.

As long ago as when he was an employee in the Government printing works, Doctor Shimose became interested in the development of implements of war both offensive and defensive. He made a special study, from the first,



RUSSIAN CRUISER *ASKOLD* IN DRY-DOCK AT SHANGHAI, SHOWING HOLE MADE BY JAPANESE PROJECTILE WHICH WRECKED OFFICERS' QUARTERS

of the component parts of the various high explosives in existence. He soon decided that most of the smokeless powder in use, including that of Japan, known as the *men kayaku*, was very far from being without defects. He became satisfied that although

the *men kayaku* of Japan had all the best qualities of the smokeless powder of other nations, it was extremely dangerous, particularly when dry. In this condition the slightest concussion would cause an explosion, and it was found necessary to add at least twenty per cent. of moisture.

On the other hand, if the desired degree of moisture was exceeded, even to a slight extent, the powder would not explode at all. After experimenting with all the different explosives of American and European origin, Doctor Shimose decided that there was nothing left for him to do except to invent a new powder which should have a higher explosive power than any existing



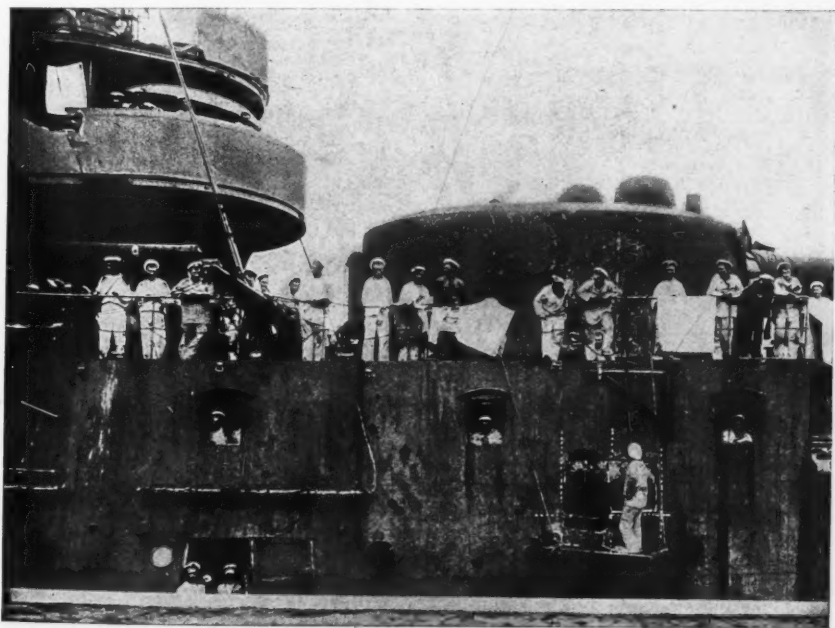
GIAN SHIMOSE

and be at the same time free from all defects.

From that moment he worked day and night in his laboratory, always with this end in view, with the result that after a decade of continual experiments he was able to show, when the crucial test came, that his work had not been in vain.

The execution done by the powder which is the result of Doctor Shimose's years of research was such that it struck terror into the hearts of those fighting for the "Little Father" and sent them into action with a lot of fight knocked out of them

before a shot was fired. The ignorant Russian sailor and soldier thought the devil was behind the guns which belched forth the all-



RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIP *TSAREVITCH* DOCKED AT TSING-TAU AFTER THE BATTLE OF AUGUST 10, 1904, SHOWING BREACH IN FIGHTING-MAST MADE BY SHELL THAT KILLED ADMIRAL WITHEFT

destroying thunderbolts that no power of steel could withstand. Their officers, however, knew better and paid the inventor of the death-dealing explosive the compliment of dubbing him the "Yellow Wizard."

Doctor Shimose is forty-seven years old, and his success is all the more to his credit as it was achieved under the most adverse circumstances. He was born in the province of Hiroshima. At that time railroads and even regular steamers were practically unknown in Japan, and he made his way across the five hundred miles that lay between him and the Japanese capital on foot.

Shimose's greatest drawback in pursuing his studies in the country town where he was born was the lack of text-books, and he encountered the same difficulty at Tokio, because he did not have enough money to buy them. Here, his indomitable perseverance was well illustrated, for instead of letting the situation daunt him, he borrowed such books as he could, and passed many nights actually copying entire the more costly books which he could not borrow, or which he could not keep except for a very brief space of time. During his early struggle at Tokio Shimose frequently knew what it was to go hungry to bed, but this did not prevent his passing all his examinations with the highest honors. Despite his success as a scholar, after graduation at the university of Tokio the young man could do no better than obtain a

position in a printing-office with the munificent pay of three dollars a week.

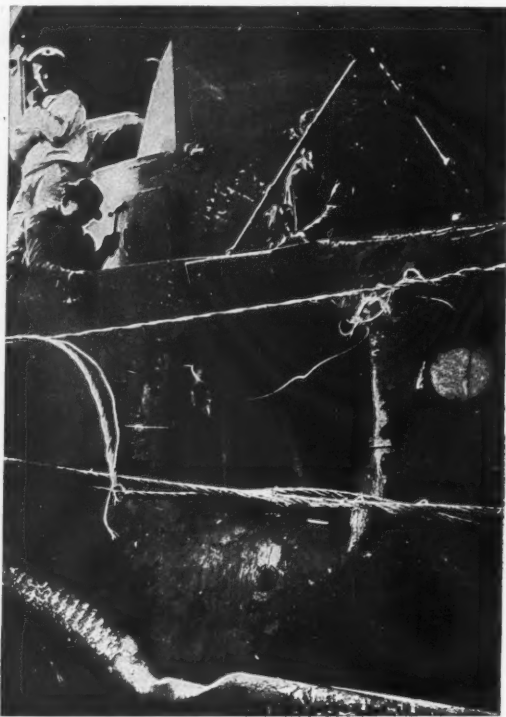
But this did not last long. It was impossible to keep a man of Shimose's ability and energy down. He became so skillful in the printing business that he was given a responsible position in the Government printing works, where he soon showed the sort of stuff he was made of. With success came money, and this gave

him the chance to do what he had always wanted to do, which was to devote all his spare time to inventions. His first invention was that of an ink which is used in Japan for the printing of the paper money issued by the Government. The peculiar quality of this ink is that it makes alterations and erasures impossible. So carefully has the secret of its manufacture been kept that it has been found impossible to imitate it, and the result is that forgers and

counterfeiters have had to abandon their nefarious business.

Constant contact with military and naval officers, both native and foreign, led Shimose to turn his attention to inventions that would be useful in modern warfare.

The Czar of Russia, or any of his officers who have seen active service since the war with Japan began, can testify as to the degree of success achieved by the modest, undersized, literary-looking chemist of Tokio with his shimose.



HOLE MADE BY TWELVE-INCH SHELL IN SIDE OF RUSSIAN CRUISER *ASKOLD*, BEFORE IT EXPLODED AND KILLED FOURTEEN MEN



## Confessions of a New York Detective

Made by an ex-Captain of Police



I

### THE EXAMINATIONS



AN idle man is always a talker. Six months ago, before I retired, you couldn't have got a word out of me with a search-warrant. Then I was about as conversational as is a Rockaway clam; for I had my precinct to look after, and was busy, head, hands and feet. A lively precinct, with we'll put it ninety patrolmen, to say nothing of sergeants, roundsmen, a brace or two of plain-clothes people and a wardman or so, is apt to keep a captain thinking; and at your age you don't have to be tipped off to it that while a party's thinking he can't talk.

But since I've taken myself off the active list and backed into retirement, my disposition seems to have undergone a radical change. Where before I was as wordless as an image, now I'm all talk and grown as garrulous as an old lady over her tea. There's one thing, however, for which I'll have to ask your forbearance in advance. If now and then I lapse into slang, forget it; you can't be a copper nearly a third of a century, and go from patrolman to captain, without acquiring speech-habits that, to state it mildly, are bound to rub the paint and varnish off what English you learned when you went to school.

Why did I retire? Well, I didn't have to—let me say so much for my pride. There were a half-dozen reasons. For one thing, I've made my bundle, and can sit back and collect my rents and count my interest coming in, and all the while feel sure that if I'm

rubbed off the police pay-roll to-morrow I'll still have a roof to my head, a coat to my back, and never miss an hour's sleep or a meal of victuals. Yes, I've "made mine"; and now I might just as well walk off to one side and enjoy it while I've got—let's hope—twenty years of life and health to call my own.

Also, there's another argument. Every once in a while an investigating committee comes butting in from Albany, to go nosing on the trail of graft. Inasmuch as the complexion of my politics—being all my life Tammany—isn't the Albany complexion, I'm regarded by our hayseed huntsmen as their natural prey. So far I've played in luck; for I've met three of these question-asking gangs and succeeded in side-stepping them, lead and counter, every time. But you know the old saw: The pitcher that goes often to the well gets broken at last. The best-behaved copper on the force—one who, having paid his three hundred dollars to become patrolman, his three thousand dollars to be made detective sergeant, and his fifteen thousand dollars to call himself captain, should be forgiven for saying that he has fairly earned his promotions—may wake up some bright morning and find that he's been investigated once too often. There's always that chance out; and so, d'y'e see, having gathered in my fortune and rounded off my heap, I held it the part of wisdom, without waiting for any age-limit to reach me, to pack in and quit. I'll need full twenty years, anyway, to get my morals on an even keel after playing policeman for over thirty.

My going into the police business was rather accident than design, and I may say that I became a patrolman as the result of a breach of the peace.

You must know that as lad and young man I was a bit of a scrapper, particularly in a rough-and-tumble way. Born and brought up on the East Side, I discovered at an early age that, by the customs of that region, you must either fight or stay in the house, and being of an active, out-o'-door nature, of course I fought. I showed too short in the reach to come by best results as a boxer; but, thick-set and strong as a horse, I was precisely the build for a wrestler. Moreover, for all my short reach, I could hit straight and clean, and after I reached nineteen I don't think I ever landed squarely on a foe without dropping him.

What was that breach of the peace by which I won my place as a patrolman? It fell about in this fashion. It was the day I reached twenty-one. The bully of the Hook—Red Bob, they called him; he'd fought three or four prize battles and presumed on it—found fault with me. As I recall, he took umbrage at my clothes, which were new and just out of the store. Red Bob expressed disdain for my make-up, called me a dude and sundry names that were worse, and by way of peroration declared that I must buy the beer or fight.

Having at that time both a high temper and a low cash balance—for the clothes broke me—I said I'd fight. By way of showing my sincerity, I instantly struck my critic in the face, and then seized and back-heeled him, throwing him into a watering-trough that stood convenient to the purpose. At this pinch bystanders interfered, and Red Bob went his way vowing vengeance.

That night after supper I went up to the street corner, the regular hang-out of that coterie to which I belonged. One of my friends informed me in a whisper that Red Bob was looking for me with an eye of fire, and making blood-curdling threats. My friend advised my temporary withdrawal from East Side society. The suggestion didn't suit my book.

"Looking for me, is he?" I said. "Let's hope he'll find me. I am twenty-one to-day, and that makes me a full-blown man. It'll take somebody better than a second-rate prize-fighter to drive me off the streets."

Red Bob was promptly informed of my pride-swollen pose by public-spirited ones who, being friends of both parties, did what lay in their power to promote a row. To their disgust, however, Red Bob never once came my way, and in the end it was he and not I who kept off the street.

My doughty conduct on this Red Bob occasion made a deep impression on a certain political personage, one Mugsey Jones. Mugsey was an under-captain of

the Tammany leader of that district or ward wherein I lived. Upon hearing my Red Bob proclamation, he spoke up as though by inspiration.

"You ought to be on the force," says he. Then after a moment: "Say! I'll set the ball rolling to-morrow."

Setting the ball rolling took the form of sending me a blank application for appointment as a patrolman. I had never thought of trying to become a police officer; my ambitions were not aroused to that height.



Drawn by Henry Raleigh

THE PHYSICAL EXAMINATION CAME OFF AT THE STATION



Drawn by Henry Raleigh

THE WINDOW OPEN, I COULD LOOK WITHIN

During those two or three years that had fallen in since I left the Brothers' School, I was content to work in the dry-dock, and do stevedore jobs along the river-front. For all that, on receiving the application, I filled it out, signed the same and sent it to Mulberry Street. In due time I was given notice to appear for the physical and educational examinations. It was now I sought the advice of Mugsey, who cheerfully became my mentor.

"How about the educational examination?" queried Mugsey. "D'ye think you can make it?"

My answer was in the affirmative, for, strange as it may sound, while at school I'd been sharp and thorough with the books. Upon receiving my reply, Mugsey the outspoken was politely frank enough to express surprise, saying that he had supposed me densely ignorant.

Being cleared up concerning my education, the astute Mugsey shook his head over the physical examination, sharply scanning

me the while as though counting my inches and pounds.

"Allowing the educational examination," he observed, "to fall right for you, still I'm dead leery of the physical. That doctor is as honest as a clock; we couldn't square him any more'n we could square a church."

"Square him!" I retorted. "I'm as solid as a brick switch-shanty!" and with this, I inflated my chest and thumped until it boomed like a bass drum.

"It ain't that!" returned Mugsey, cocking a measuring eye at me like a crow peering into a bottle; "but you're too heavy for your height. How tall are you?"

"Five feet eight and a half."

"And you weigh over two hundred?" he continued, looking at my stocky figure.

"Two hundred and seven."

"For five feet eight and one-half, the weight limit fixed by the rules is one hundred and eighty-five pounds." Mugsey sighed dubiously and knit his brows. "If a

fifty-dollar note would only fix it!" he continued. "But, no; that doctor party is on the level and can't be reached. Our only show is to queer the scales."

"And how are we to queer the scales so as to weigh me twenty-odd pounds lighter than I am?"

"My son, leave that to me," said Mugsey, in a manner of patronizing confidence. "Do you think I've been weigher-in at the boxing tournaments for over ten years with-

nineties. The questions asked were of the usual cut-and-dried, fool variety—"What direction is Sydney from the South Pole?" "What is a straight line?" "What poet is called the 'Bard of Avon'?" and so on; and while, for the life of me, I couldn't then and don't now see how the answers to them, right or wrong, would shed a ray on my ability to cope successfully with a fan-tan den in Doyers Street or pinch a poke-getter at the Fulton Ferry, I didn't pause to moot



Drawn by Henry Raleigh

SCOTTY . . . TOOK POSITION SQUARELY ACROSS THE SLEEPING CAR'S FRONT DOOR

out tumbling to a trick or two? Many's the one-hundred-and-sixty-pound man I've weighed into the one-hundred-and-forty-five-pound class, and a dozen pair of eyes looking on. If that doctor sharp'll only let me—and I guess he will—get my hooks on the scales, I'll go bail you'll be light enough; and you can string your first year's salary as a copper on it!"

The educational examination came first, and I emerged therefrom with the impression that my average should be up among the

the point. On the docile other hand, I faithfully wrote down that Sydney, as well as every other place on the map, was north of the South Pole, that a straight line was the shortest distance between two points, that Shakespeare was sometimes called the Bard of Avon; and turned in my papers to the clerk. As I did so, that functionary regarded me keenly, and asked:

"Is this all?"

When I stated that it was, every question being duly replied to, he seemed lost in surly

thought. After a pause, he snapped my papers together with a rubber band and filed them away in his desk.

"You'll hear the result later," says he.

"When?" I asked.

"Can't say."

Following this, he bent himself to writing in a book, with the air of one who has said all there is to say.

The physical examination came off at the station, and I was measured and weighed with the paraphernalia provided by the state for measuring and weighing those malefactors of whom it is regarded as a good police thing to keep a description. The fertile Mugsey was with me, and well for me he was. That morning I had tilted the beam of a platform scale, the property of a grocer, at two hundred and six pounds. How then was I to weigh in at one hundred and eighty-five? The puzzle lay too deep for me, albeit Mugsey bade me be of good cheer.

"It all depends," he remarked, "on me being able to get to the scales; and that ought to be easy."

The medical examiner was a fussy, rusty old gentleman whose heart was clearly in his work. He thumped me and tested me, heart and lung and joint and muscle, as though I were a horse and he about to buy me. At the close he said:

"You're sound enough; but unless I miss my surmise you're a mile too heavy for your height. Since you're such a hickory knot of a man, I might stretch the rule a little and call you right at one hundred and ninety pounds. But even that leniency wouldn't do you any good, since, if I may trust my eyes, you'll go over two hundred."

"You're dead wrong, doc," broke in Mugsey, who attended as a looker-on in Vienna; "you're 'way off! I've had him on the scales a dozen times, and he's never seen the day he touched one hundred and eighty-five pounds." Then to me: "Jump on here; we'll soon settle it."

Mugsey was chewing gum—a childish trick that filled me with contempt. Until that moment I'd never seen sign of the gum-chewing habit about my friend, and this puerile working of his under jaw dismayed me. I'd have told him my opinion of gum-chewers if the doctor hadn't been present. As it was, I reserved the point; I'd tell him when we were again in the street.

As I stepped upon the scales, I observed

Mugsey pass his hand across his lips with a light flourish, and remove the offensive gum. This relieved me; I thought that Mugsey himself had become alive to the disgrace of gum, and took the removing flourish to be a first step toward reform. However, I was not given time to dwell upon the business, for Mugsey began sliding the weight along the arm of the scales.

The doctor, Mugsey and I had our gaze fixed upon the scales, as Mugsey slowly inched the weight outward until the arm stood seesawing in perfect balance. Then Mugsey stepped back, and with a wave of his hand addressed the doctor:

"D'ye see?"

The doctor took a long, hard look; then he wiped his spectacles and took another. There it was, more to my amazement, perhaps, than his—one hundred and eighty-two pounds!

"That'll do," said the doctor at last, making an entry of the figures in his book. As I stepped off the platform, he took a final glance at me. "You must be hollow!" he said.

Once in the street and alone with Mugsey, I demanded an explanation of the phenomenon.

"You saw me chewing gum?" he said. "As I went to shove the weight, I took the gum into my hand. There was also a silver quarter in my hand. I pinched the gum and the silver piece together, and then as I took hold of the weight I fastened the silver piece by means of the gum to the bottom of it. Adding that silver quarter to the weight made full twenty pounds difference on the platform. As I've told you, I've sent many a middle-weight into the welter class at the boxing tournaments with that gum-and-quarter trick."

"It's strange!" I remarked. "I never saw a trace of the quarter."

"Of course not! Using the gum for glue, I stuck it on the bottom of the weight. It was out of sight all right. After the doctor made the entry I recovered my quarter again. Here it is," and Mugsey held up the silver piece with the gum still adhering to it. "Let's buy a couple of cigars with it."

It was a week later before I heard anything of the educational examination, and then the word came through Mugsey, who spoke it in a whisper.

"I supposed that Barney could fix it," he said ruefully. Barney, as I've told you, was

that particular Tammany leader to whom we owed political allegiance. "It ain't a square deal to make as hot a ward worker as you put up the stuff every time you want to pull off a play. But it's no use; Barney says he's up against it, and nothing goes but the cash."

"What are you driving at?" I asked; for at twenty-one I was over-innocent, with plenty to learn, and Mugsey's observations were foggy.

"What am I driving at?" he repeated. "Oh, nothing! Only it's going to take three hundred dollars to beat that examination. Barney got the hunch on the sneak that if you wanted to pass you'd have to come up with the long green. I might have known it! Those examination wolves ain't the sort to let anything get away!"

To make a long story short, I had to give up the three hundred dollars; which, not having the same, I borrowed of Barney. He was glad to find it for me; a Tammany leader has constant need of the police, and can never too deeply lay the bedplates of his friendship with them. Mugsey took charge of the money, and got rid of it where it would do the most good.

"Who gets those three hundred dollars?" I asked Mugsey, when he came to tell me that I had passed the examination, with a rating of "ninety-seven."

Mugsey shrugged his experienced shoulders in a noncommittal way.

"It goes four ways," said he at last; "two of 'em get a hundred, and two of 'em fifty each."

"That's what made the secretary act so queerly," I remarked.

"It's all right," returned Mugsey. "It not only passes you, but sets you number four on the eligible list. You'll be pounding the pavement with a night-stick inside of thirty days, and once on a fat beat, you'll soon pick up that three hundred again."

Mugsey was right, and more than right, concerning the time, for at the end of three weeks I received notice to report for duty.

## II

### THUMPING THE SIDEWALK

The captain of the precinct to which I had been assigned for duty was a round-faced, prosperous-looking individual, and reckoned a good policeman. He proved a

stranger to me; for I'd never been much out of my own neighborhood, and the region to which I was sent lay a mile to the south of my home. On my coming into the station-house, spruce in my new uniform, the desk sergeant spoke up.

"The skipper [captain] wants to look you over," said the sergeant, and pointed to a door.

The captain owned a brisk gray eye, and as I stood before him and clumsily saluted I felt it play over me from head to foot like the point of a rapier.

"Irish?" he asked, after a moment.

"My people were Irish; I was born in New York."

"Ah! I see! Second-crop Irish! It's the same thing."

If I had dared, I'd have interrupted him to say that it was not the same thing; for I felt excessively American and not at all Irish.

"Word comes to me," went on the captain, "that you've got a bad temper and are always ready to fight. You must cut that out—your temper and your fighting. You want in time, I take it, to be roundsman, sergeant, captain. Very well! No one ever won promotion with a club; no patrolman was ever made a roundsman for breaking people's heads. 'Soft's' the word, and 'easy' smooths the way. You may go."

For thirty days I was sent out in company with old, seasoned patrolmen, who knew the ropes and could teach me my new trade. First and last I was in the instructive company of a score of these. Some of them were silent, sulky fellows, who stumped on for hours with no word or look my way. Big Ben was one of your sour fellows. After an hour of silence on the evening I was with him, I put in a word:

"I thought you were to teach me the business."

Big Ben stopped under the glare of a lamp, and stared at me with a stare of broad dislike.

"See here, young man!" he blurted out, "I'm not taking babies to nurse. If you've been figgering that I'm goin' to rock your cradle and warm your milk, you're fooled."

"But the sergeant told me to go out with you."

"Well, you're out with me, ain't you? What more do you want?"

"I'd like to have you give me a few points on police duty."

"Oh, you want me to give you a lecture on your duty as a policeman. Listen: I'll tell you the entire story in two lines:

"Hear, see, say nothing!  
Eat, drink, pay nothing!"

"There you have the whole art and secret of it wrapped up in eight words. Follow those directions, and you'll be a successful

for two nights, and his talk flowed like a mill-race.

"This," Scotty would say, pausing before a gin-mill of the viler Bowery sort—"this is the 'Sleeping Car!'"

Then he led me to a window on the side; the weather being warm and the window open, I could look within.

"The seats you see," Scotty went on,



*Drawn by Henry Raleigh*

AND I REALLY LEARNED MANY THINGS

copper; go beyond them, and you'll get into trouble."

Big Ben turned and resumed his stroll, and never another word could I wring from him; only growls and hateful grunts.

Scotty—though why "Scotty" when he was as clearly Irish as the Rock of Cashel, is more than I can explain—was the opposite of Big Ben; I was in his affable company

"are rigged facing each other, same as car seats. No; that's not the reason why it's called the Sleeping Car. It's so named because they put people to sleep here. See those ducks?" and Scotty waved a vague paw toward the score of evil-faced men and women that were sitting about. "Every one of 'em's a crook; half of 'em's got knockout drops or chloroform bottles in their kecks

right now. Let some sucker drop in, and in two minutes one of 'em 'll be chinnin' with him, and in five he'll have the peter in the sucker's drink. In ten minutes from the time the guy comes through the door, it's even money his head is on the table, he's dead to the world, and the thief is going through him."

"But I should think the others would see the robbery come off."

"Not one would rap. It isn't honor; it's fear. A squealer wouldn't last long; these mugs"—pointing to the ruffianly gang inside—"would croak a snitch in a holy second."

"For all that, I'd suppose the place itself would protect its customers. Where's the profit to the place, if its customers are to be robbed of their money the moment they come in?"

"That's all right; the joint gets its bit, d'ye see! The dip, when he trims a sucker, whacks up with the barman. In case of a collar—and that wouldn't happen often—the Sleeping Car furnishes bail!"

"It's a wonder such a den is allowed to run!" I remarked.

"Don't you believe it!" rejoined Scotty emphatically. "The Sleeping Car is in right both ways from the jack. The Tammany leader of this district uses it on election-day to plant floaters in; he's voted as many as sixty from it in a hard fight. Aside from that, it makes good to the skipper of the precinct for three hundred dollars a month; his wardman doesn't have to call twice at the Sleeping Car, put a bet on that! It's Johnny-at-the-rathole with the dough on the first of every month. Which!" concluded Scotty, "reminds me that it's about time I was getting mine. See here; I'll put you wise to a wrinkle."

Scotty, in elucidating the promised wrinkle, took position squarely across the Sleeping Car's front door. Now and then he peered inside, as though looking for some particular face. Commonly, however, he stood with his back to the door, and glanced carelessly up and down the street.

The pavements were much deserted, for it was after midnight; only belated drunkards and night-prowlers were about. I noted Scotty's maneuvers without question or comment, curious to discover the purpose behind them. Their effect, I could see, was to fill both the customers and the bar people of the Sleeping Car with great uneasiness.

There were signs going, and whispered conferences.

In the end, a rough, murderous-looking personage lounged out, and pointed off up the street. As he brushed by to the rear of Scotty, he made a slight movement of his hand.

"Well, let's be padding it," said Scotty carelessly, wheeling on me. "It's about time the roundsman came this way, and I'd sooner he'd find me moving than standing still."

As we took up our march, Scotty showed me a ten-dollar bill.

"Half goes to you," said he.

"Explain!"

"Didn't you see me make the touch? It's from the Sleeping Car."

"Did they hand you that to move on?"

"Sure thing! My being planted there made 'em nervous. They couldn't tell what would come off; so to get rid of me they slips me a tenner."

"But your captain! You told me the place stood right with him—three hundred a month, you said! Suppose they complain of you for poaching on his preserves?"

"Nothing doing!" retorted Scotty, easily.

"The skipper would only laugh, and kick 'em out. I don't holler when he gets his; he's not goin' to roar when I get mine."

That night Scotty pointed out eighteen or nineteen places on the beat where contributions at proper, or, as he said, "decent," intervals could be levied. They were mostly rum-shops, with a weakness for keeping open after lawful hours. Two gambling-rooms and an opium-den were of the number.

"Take a gambling-joint," explained the sagacious Scotty. "All you have to do is camp in front, and warn everybody who looks cock-eyed at it that it's turning a crooked game. Take my word you'll not be there ten minutes before they square you with a ten- or a twenty-dollar note."

Scotty was mightily amazed, though not in the least disturbed, when I declined half of that money from the Sleeping Car.

"It's yours," he urged.

"But I don't want it."

Scotty laughed long and heartily.

"I'm on!" he cried at last. "You're a new fresh cop, and have a notion of doing what you call your duty. You'll get over such pipe-dreams. I used to have those visions once; but that was long ago, before I woke up."

Now when I look back on those earlier apprentice hours, it is curious to reflect that never a patrolman, with whom I went out, offered me a least valuable hint of my duty. Some, as I've explained, were sullen, tacit creatures, like Big Ben; they told me nothing, showed me nothing. Others, like Scotty, showed me much and told me a deal; that is, they showed me where the money was and told me how to get it. Scotty was the only one who offered to split any money with me; the others contented themselves with, as they phrased it, "putting me wise." I made no comment, offered no criticism, but tried to appear grateful for the pains they took with my police education.

And I really learned many things. I discovered, for one matter, that a man's standing in local politics was the measure of that man's franchise to commit crime. The control of two or three votes entitled one to be noisily drunk, and to brawl within certain limits. On the other hand, there were heads of giant associations or gangs, men who could swing a thousand votes, who—using reasonable discretion in picking victims—were, fairly speaking, licensed to commit murder. There are two hundred people in New York—I could take you to them—each of whom has killed his man. Not one was punished. One and all they are factors in politics, and murder beneath the protecting pinion of the machine.

Also, speaking of what, in those early, callow, pinfeather days, I learned, I fell to the fact—to employ a colloquialism—that of men who seek positions on the police force the large majority, at least, are moved of no honest thought of duty. Their purpose is, not to prevent crime, but to perpetrate it; they put on blue not to protect, but to prey upon, the community.

The loadstar of such is graft. I—let me say in my own defense—was not of these. When I first belted on a night-stick and pinned a police shield to my blouse, I owned in my own muggy, foggy East Side fashion certain tall ideals. These latter were afterward diminished and dimmed, as it were, of their original white splendor. How far this diminishing and this splendor-dimming should be charged against me, you shall presently judge. Sometimes, in moments self-partial and egotistical, I myself wonder if the fault were not, when all is said; the public's fault. But I must not fall to moralizing.

Graduating from my police leading-strings, I one day found myself a full-fledged member of the force, with a beat of my own to patrol. My first night of duty as a full-grown copper was made memorable by a visit from my old enemy Red Bob.



Drawn by Henry Raleigh

THE POLITICIAN . . . FELL LAWFULLY INTO  
MY CLUTCH

"I've got you, you lobster!" quoth Red Bob, in a kind of victory of drunken malice; "got you where I want you. You're a cop now, d'ye see, an' you've something to lose. That's where I get the high ground. Now if you give me any lip, I'll push a button or two and have you sent out to Harlem. And

as for pinching me, or knocking me about; why, then, lay a hand to my collar, an' I'll take you in on charges an' have you broke."

Much more said Red Bob, to the same offensive and exasperating effect; and a worse feature, and the one hardest of all to bear, was that what he spoke was true. My going on the force had put me in his power, not him in mine; for he had conquered quite enough standing in politics to be equal to at least half of what he threatened. The machine had control in Mulberry Street; it could do what it pleased with me, since it could do what it pleased with the force. Red Bob, as against this, was a free moral, or rather immoral, agent. The machine needed his foul aid, and must humor him.

Thinking these things, I kept my tongue between my teeth, and my hands to myself, while Red Bob scoffed on. I began in my hot chagrin to realize how helpless beneath the heel of politics were the police.

Not that it was my first lesson; for once before I had burned my unwise fingers on a politician. That was during my novitiate, and while walking with Big Ben.

The story is too long. Suffice it that the politician—as much a stranger to me, he was, as would have been Prester John—fell lawfully into my clutch; and since Big Ben gave me no adverse counsel, I was for running him in. It was the roundsman himself who saved me; for, coming up, he took the politician out of my fingers, and put him tenderly into a cab and sent him home. Then he gave me a jacketing that I shall not soon forget. He paused in his harangue long enough to congratulate me on the fact that the eminent one I had so ignorantly handled was not in a condition either to bear me in mind or remember the ignominious incident of his arrest. I was lucky, he said, for had it been otherwise, it would have spelled my official taking off.

"He's the leader of the 'Steenth District," cried the outraged roundsman dramatically; "and, only he's so full that he won't remember about you necking him, you wouldn't last as long as a keg of beer at a Sängerfest. He'd have your buttons off before to-morrow night. Better be sure, next time, who you're lagging, or the first thing you know you'll dig up more snakes than you can kill."

All this ran in my mind, and served some-

(To be continued)

what to keep my hands off Red Bob. Also, I recalled the captain's remark when he had spoken of my temper and warned me that no one ever clubbed himself into a promotion.

Observing my forbearance, Red Bob redoubled his insults; and when I walked away he kept close at my heels, doing his vicious best to provoke me. It was then I began, because of the scoundrel's persistency, to smell a plot, and to think that the affair was not altogether chance-blown. This view was confirmed when a voice from across the way shouted:

"Settle the bull, Red! Go in and cook him!" I might add that "settle" and "cook," in the language of the Five Points, always mean "kill" and never mean anything else.

And yet it only needed that cry from across the way to set fire to me. I saw in a word that I was to be attacked; and, having some native spunks of military genius in my composition, determined to be beforehand in the business. I slowed up, and let Red Bob approach. He came quite close to my back, pouring forth epithet and threat. I got a flash at him over my shoulder with the tail of my eye. Measuring the distance, I suddenly wheeled and struck him on the point of the jaw. He fell, and as he did so, from out the shadows here and there—from the rear as well as over the way—a dozen of his gang came running. I caught the dull glimmer of a pistol, where a near-by street-lamp cast a ray along the barrel. With that, I pulled my own; for if I was to be "cooked" I was bound to do some "cooking" in return.

As the gang closed in about me, front, rear and flank, Red Bob began with difficulty to struggle to his feet. I took a grip on his shoulder with my left hand, while with the other I thrust forward my pistol in the faces of the oncoming gangsters. A life insurance company would not have looked on my life at that time as a good risk. Still, it was a better risk than was the life of Red Bob; for my determination had been taken, iron-hard, to whip a bullet into his recreant brain with the first note of actual war. One of the gang must have been a mind-reader, for, as though I had spoken my thoughts to him, he cried out to his fellows:

"Hold off! He's pulled his canister, an' if you crowd him, he's framed it up to do Red."

# The Alibi of the Autocar



BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

With drawings by Frank VerBeck



BLINKINSOP, Esquire, backed his big auto rapidly up the steep incline of Arkwright's Hill. He did it unconcernedly and without apparent hesitation, for it was a part of the secret history of his machine that it would top a hill backward in less than half the time, and with

less than half the trouble, needed to induce it to ascend in its normal and usual position. The fact that this manner of ascent might possibly confuse and disarrange parties coming down the hill did not concern Blinkinsop. He kept his hand on the lever, his eye on the receding horizon, and let the car take care of itself. Once upon the summit, he swung his car about with a turn of the wrist and pushed a buggy gently but firmly into the ditch at the side, and prepared for the descent upon the other side of the hill.

"A beautiful afternoon," he murmured to himself. Then he glanced downhill and sniffed the air. The road below him was packed with vehicles of every description, out for business, out for pleasure, but—out; the whole world and his wife were out upon this waning summer day.

"What a chance for skill!" said Blinkinsop to himself. He paused for a moment, noting everything behind his goggles and

his face-mask. His practiced eye looked along the road in front as an archer's did of old along the arrow; as a marksman's does along the barrel; as a gunner's does along the thirteen-inch. His big car, a Mastodon of the vintage of nineteen-five, throbbed and quivered under his touch; it strained like a hound at its leash.

For an instant only was it motionless. Then Blinkinsop jerked spasmodically in his seat. The big machine leaped into the

air and came down on all fours—and sped like mad toward the bottom of the hill.

William G. Andrews was a grocer's clerk. With a male companion and a superannuated horse he was slowly making the ascent, that afternoon, of Arkwright's Hill. His wagon was two-

thirds of the way up, when, like a stroke of lightning out of a clear sky, something happened. To the sight there was a streak of light gray; to the nostrils there was a slight aroma—and nothing else, save that the wagon found itself without two wheels; the old horse found itself dashed violently to the ground, and William G. Andrews, grocer's clerk, found himself suddenly in the ditch, flat on his back. With surprising energy he leaped to his feet and clutched his companion by the arm.

"Did you see his number?" inquired William.

"Are you much hurt?" asked his friend.

For this is the law of macadam, and this is the law of mud,  
If ever thy trail's too slow or too dry, besprinkle it with blood.

Let thy car with its lever open be the car of Juggernaut,

And remember ye, that the only crime is the crime of getting caught.

For this is the rule that is golden,  
The cry of those keen to the hunt:  
Full speed was made for the man behind—  
Who cares for the man in front?

—Fragment from the Sacred Seven Rules in Rhyme of the murderous Marsden Hill Auto Club, done into doggerel by Blinkinsop, Esquire.



HE TURNED A DOUBLE SOMERSAULT IN THE AIR

"Can you see his number?" reiterated William. But they had not seen the number. The car had gone.

"Naw," responded William, to his friend's repeated inquiries, "I ain't much hurt—not if I can't see the number. Come on and help me fix the old rig up. If I could have only seen that number, say—wouldn't I have been hurt?—oh, my!"

"Number one," thought Blenkinsop to himself. But on he sped. The next time, he did not have such good luck. A party of cyclists were coasting down the hill, going like the wind. Behind them was the Mastodon, sweeping upon them like the whirlwind. There was no gong, no horn—for skill and not warning was the watchword of the Marsden Hill Auto Club. The Mastodon was made for experts, and Blenkinsop was one.

Thomas Barclay, of the Donaldson Thread Mills, was one of the five cyclists. He was lifted suddenly from his wheel. He turned a double somersault in the air. He came down upon the soft brush at the roadside. His companions grasped the situation in an instant.

"Don't move," they yelled to Thomas Barclay; "we'll get him for you."

Thomas Barclay, with visions of a damage-suit already seething through his brain, lay supine and motionless.

"I won't move," he told himself, "not until they get his number."

His companions now were speeding down the hill like wildfire, in the wake of Blenkinsop and his Mastodon. They reached him just as he had slowed up to make way for a bigger autocar.

"Aha," they yelled out sneeringly to Blenkinsop, "we've got you pinched, old chap." They leaped from their wheels and started to ascend, afoot. Blenkinsop smiled behind his face-mask and sped on. Thomas Barclay's companions reached Thomas Barclay.

"One hundred and seven thousand six hundred ninety-five," said the first man.

"Hundred and seven thousand," commented the next, "six ninety-five."

"Ten. Seven six. Nine five," commented the third, "M. H."

"Marsden Hill," yelled Thomas Barclay. "It's a chap from that there auto club. For sure." He groaned loudly and fell back upon the grass.

"Me internal injuries," he murmured faintly, "are most serious. You'll bear me witness that I said so. I've got a compound fracture of the liver."

"And don't forget the number," he added, to his friends. It may not be amiss here to observe the fact that psychology is sister to pathology. William G. Andrews, grocer's clerk, suffered no injury from the impact with the big machine. Thomas Barclay was next door to death. For Andrews had not seen the number, and therefore never knew who struck him; while Barclay, who knew whom he had to sue, suffered, poor fellow, from his compound fracture of the liver. And, what was more, he admitted it. And his lawyer admitted it, also. For next day his lawyer, holding in his hand a contract for a contingent fee, and holding, furthermore, a slip of paper bearing the magic number of the offending auto on it, sped like the wind to the office of the town clerk of Marsden Hill.

"No. 107,695, M. H.," he announced grimly. "Whose autocar is that?"

The clerk nodded quite as a matter of course, turned to a small book, glanced over the first page and seized a small pad.

"J. Osgood Oakley, of Marsden Hill," he answered, writing it down. "Owns ten seven six nine five M. H. J. Osgood Oakley. He's your man."

J. Osgood Oakley in due time was served with process in the damage-suit of Thomas Barclay, he of the compound

fracture of the liver. In the ordinary course of the Monroe County Circuit, the case came on for trial. J. Osgood Oakley was on hand and listened unconcernedly to the testimony relating to this same liver. He seemed mildly interested for a time. But when the plaintiff closed his case, J. Osgood Oakley placed upon the stand some seven witnesses who told, each, the self-same tale.

"Where were you upon the afternoon of the 15th of July?" Such was the stereotyped query of defendant's counsel.

"At Tuxedo Park," replied each witness in his turn.

"Did you upon that day see J. Osgood Oakley there?"

"I did."

"How long?"

"All the morning. All the afternoon. All the evening. *With his autocar.*"

"How far is Tuxedo Park from Arkwright's Hill in this county—if you know?"

"*One hundred and sixty miles away.*"

"Mr. Oakley!" shouted counsel. And Oakley took the stand. "How many autocars have you?"

"But one," replied J. Osgood Oakley.

"Were you on Arkwright's Hill in this county at any time on the 15th of last July?"

"I was not," answered Mr. Oakley; "nor

on the 13th; nor the 14th; nor the 16th; nor the 17th. I spent a week over at Tuxedo—with my car."

"What is the number of your car?"

"M. H.," returned Mr. Oakley, "10—76—95."

That was all. Here was Oakley, and here were seven witnesses—bankers, brokers, gentlemen of leisure—whose word was as good as their bond, who proved beyond all question that Thomas Barclay's liver had been disjointed by some other car than that of the defendant.

"Next time," the jury said to Thomas Barclay, plaintiff, after the inevitable verdict had been reached—"next time, you want your friends to look a blamed sight closer. Bring us a *good* case and, by George, we'll try and help you out."

"Aw," muttered Barclay, "my lawyer ain't no good." And, though he did not know it, he had in a measure struck the nail upon the head. For counsel, witnesses, spectators, judge and jury, had held their attention concentrated upon the burning inquiry, "Was it the *car* of Oakley that struck Thomas Barclay?" whereas the open sesame to the mystery at hand should have been, "Whose *number-pendant* was on *Oakley's* car?" or, "Was *Oakley's* number-pendant upon the *guilty* car?"

And here is where the Marsden Hill Auto



"DON'T MOVE," THEY YELLED TO THOMAS BARCLAY; "WE'LL GET HIM FOR YOU"

Club makes its entry upon the arena of events. In Marsden Hill there were seven rich men. In Marsden Hill there were seven autocars—each enameled with the selfsame color—the color of the haze; the color of distance; the color that results from the blending of sky and trees and earth—a nondescript hue, more useful than effective. And the Marsden Hill Auto Club had seven members. Their first care had been to purchase, each for himself, one of Munsterburg & Co.'s huge Mastodons painted as aforesaid; their next had been to select the numbers and num-

its purpose was far deeper. The pursuer can read one figure, or two, or three. But—six figures? For those who run they are hard to read. Therefore Oakley had chosen 107,695; Blenkinsop, president of the club, had chosen 334,728; Grice, the secretary, 464,810; and so on to the end.

"With speed—and six figures," commented Oakley, "we are safe."

But it remained for Blenkinsop to add the crown of absolute security to the brow of caution. Of all the Marsden Hillers, it was he who grappled speed to his soul with hoops of steel. It was he who inaugurated the wonderful scheme that for the members of the Auto Club became one gigantic alibi.

There were seven roads radiating from Marsden Hill. One led straight away through Jersey to New York. Another led due north toward Jervis. Another to the northern lakes. Another, and another—everywhere, anywhere.

"The proposed route of each man, each day," Blenkinsop, the president, told his six fellows, "must be posted in advance in the private route-book of the club. No two men must take the same road. And then——"

"And then?" they had repeated.

"Then," he answered, "*change number-pendants with your neighbor.*"

They had gasped with astonishment, with delight. They threw up their hats and threw down their highballs with frenzy.

"Blenkinsop!" they cried, in ecstasy.

And the plan had worked. Blenkinsop, upon the fateful 15th of July, the banner day for Barclay's annihilated liver, had simply borne upon his car the number of J. Osgood Oakley. Oakley, over in Tuxedo, was using Blenkinsop's. It was absolutely safe. Each car with the same indistinct and disappearing color; each man sitting securely behind his face-mask; each positive that his neighbor could prove an alibi in case of accident to him, and that he could prove an alibi in case of disaster to his neighbor. And the rest had been—recklessness, pure and simple; that, and the wonderful speed of the Mastodons.

Time passed, and as the months went on, the seven's happiness knew no bounds; the system of safety was complete; and incidentally, the wagon-men of the county of Monroe were getting wealthy on repairs. Incidentally, also, Thomas Barclay, a youth with a slighted liver, went up and



"AW," MUTTERED BARCLAY, "MY LAWYER  
AIN'T NO GOOD"

ber-pendants insisted upon by the board of roads and highways in the county. A slight pull had enabled them to select their own numbers. They had selected them much after the fashion in which a beginner numbers his first check-book—they had started up in the thousands. Apparently this was to give a stranger the impression that there were a hundred thousand autocars in the county of Monroe, but actually



IT WAS HE WHO INAUGURATED THE WONDERFUL SCHEME THAT FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE AUTO CLUB BECAME ONE GIGANTIC ALIBI

down and in and about Marsden Hill, seeking which of the seven he might devour.

"It lies among 'em," he told himself with solemnity. "I'll run 'em down somehow. Somebody 'll pay for that there liver," he would assure himself.

Meantime, Blenkinsop, president and ruling spirit of the Auto Club, left all caution behind. He sped here, there, everywhere, careless of grocery-wagons, cyclists, livers. And damage-suits were legion, and —unsuccessful. The club had surrounded itself with an armor that mere legal acumen could not penetrate. It became an enigma—a mystery, in Marsden Hill.

It was months later that Blenkinsop, bent upon a midnight ride down Arkwright's Hill—his favorite occupation of late—borrowed the number-pendant of young Grice, the secretary of the club; and Grice took his.

"I don't know, though," Blenkinsop told himself, as he stood in the darkness in front of his mansion, adjusting the pendant. "I feel like a four-year-old to-night. I think I had best make assurance doubly sure. I'll trade Grice's, so I think, with Oakley. He's an old hand at the business, and if I run down anybody on this

night, he'll hold his end up a darned sight better than will Grice."

Grice, it seemed, was young, and in a former suit against him had betrayed a weakness that was dangerous. Without hesitation, Blenkinsop ran his car slowly down to J. Osgood Oakley's, called for Oakley's man, and in a twinkling, in the security of darkness, had made the second change.

"Now," he told himself, "even Grice won't know the truth. There's nothing like doubling on your tracks."

And he started off for the Arkwright Hill. Now, it so happened that young Thomas Barclay, victim of fate, was returning from a rather late affair that had taken place in Donaldson, and, with his companions, was slowly driving a pair of hired horses up the hill. It was a moonlit night, and Blenkinsop, going down, saw the rig coming up, and well knew that he could clear it without trouble. His course was so true and so straight that he jerked on just a bit more power, just to get his hand in, so he told himself, and to start off well.

Under ordinary circumstances, nothing would have happened. But at the last moment the Mastodon, hitherto a kitten

in behavior, became a bucking mustang, and insisted not only in increasing its pace, but in covering all sides of the road at once.

C-r-r-rash! Blenkinsop had uttered an oath at this senseless big machine of his—not so much because it had done damage as because it had left his control, without his consent. The four men in the vehicle had uttered a high-voiced exclamation, and then—battle, murder, sudden death. The road was strewn with human forms, with splintered wood, with horseflesh. It was a real accident this time, to be sure.

"It wasn't my fault," thought Blenkinsop, kicking his machine. "It was you, you brute! Get out!" And his big machine, unused to treatment of this kind, coughed mildly once or twice, lurched from side to side a bit in its emotion, and ended finally in sticking its nose into the bank at the side of the road and coming to a full stop.

Blenkinsop looked back. He was not two hundred feet from the catastrophe behind. "Here's where finesse comes in," he said, finding that his machine refused to budge. He stole to the front of the Mastodon and extinguished his lights. Then he burrowed underneath to find out what was the matter. Up on the hill, four figures stirred uneasily. One of these figures rose to its hands and knees and looked down the hill. This was Thomas Barclay.

"By George!" he said softly to himself. Silently he crawled down the hill until he reached the car. Then he lit a match, and with a nubbin of a pencil took down the number of the car upon a piece of paper.

"I've got you right this time," he whispered to himself. "That number can't get away from me." He hitched himself to the front of the car and looked about.



GRICE . . . HAD BETRAYED A WEAKNESS THAT WAS DANGEROUS

"Lights out," he said to himself. "Good enough. A dead-sure case."

Blenkinsop, under the car, merely smiled to himself. Up the road, the other injured parties were struggling to their feet. Thomas Barclay returned to them.

"Get down, you blamed idiots," he said. "Don't you know nothin'? Your livers is all blown to smithereens."

The next day another lawyer called upon the town clerk, exhibited another number and obtained another name. Then he left.

On that next day, Blenkinsop, Esquire, was just finishing a postprandial cigar. There was a tinkle of an unseen bell, and a servant appeared and handed to him a business card—the card of Jason Coggsell, counselor-at-law. Blenkinsop smiled again.

"Some other member of the club must have had a turn last night," he laughed to himself. "It must have been Grice," he continued. "He's the chap that had my number."

Mr. Jason Coggsell was ushered in. "My clients," said Mr. Jason Coggsell, "have directed me to sue you at once—internal injuries—damage caused by your machine—seventy-five thousand dollars."

"But," protested Blenkinsop, thinking of Grice, who had been on the New York road the night before—"but—but I wasn't there at all, don't you see?"

"Where?" Mr. Coggsell's tone was even and exasperating.

"On the road to Manhattan Borough," returned the other. "I was on the road down Arkwright's Hill."

"This happened down Arkwright's Hill," returned the lawyer.

"The deuce it did," thought Blenkinsop. "What member of the club would go on Arkwright's when I was going there?"

"This," repeated the counselor-at-law,

"happened on Arkwright's Hill. The injuries were due to the speeding of a car without a light, having for its number M.H. 334,728. That number, so the town clerk says, is the number of your car."

"Who in thunder," wailed Blenkinsop within himself, "why in thunder, what in thunder did young Grice want to go down Arkwright's Hill for last night, when I was going down? What does it mean?"

"Will you settle?" went on his caller. "Or shall I sue?"

Blenkinsop lit another cigar. "As long as it was not myself," he answered, "you can sue and be hanged. What do I care about it?"

Jason Coggsell pulled from his pocket a batch of papers and passed them over. "I serve them," he announced. "Suit is begun." And then he went. And then Blenkinsop angrily called up Grice on the telephone. "Why in thunder," he cried, "did you go down Arkwright's Hill last night?"

"I didn't," answered Grice. "I went over New York way, you see."

"You had my number," returned Blenkinsop, "and you went down Arkwright Hill."

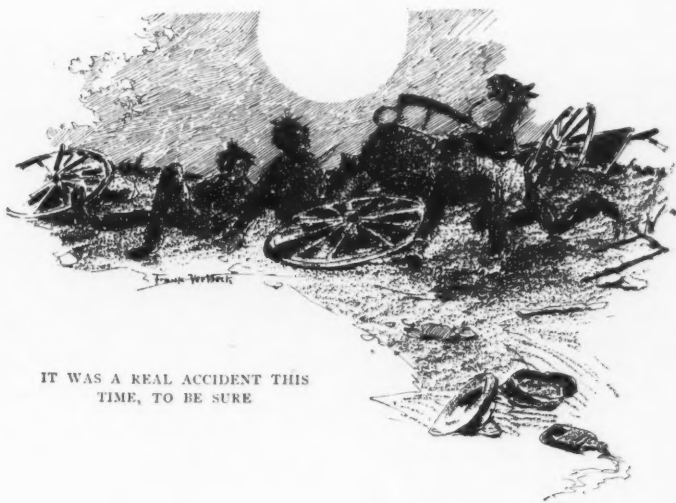
"Your number?" echoed Grice. "I didn't. You gave it to me, but I'm afraid of you, and I changed again with Oakley." Blenkinsop flung down the receiver, left the room, sought his stable and looked upon the big Mastodon. He did not look long.

"Confound it all," he muttered. "My own number, on my own machine. Why did I change with Oakley?"

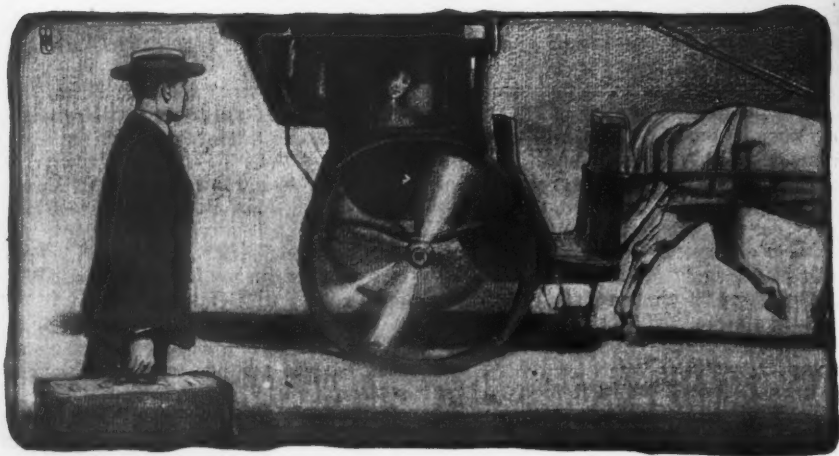
The next day Mr. Jason Coggsell received a note, in response to which he once more sought the home of Mr. Blenkinsop.

"I'll settle all those cases," Blenkinsop informed him. "What's the matter with your parties, anyhow?" Coggsell rubbed his nose.

"Internat injuries, all of them," he answered. "And chiefly to the liver, I am told." After Thomas Barclay's crowd had received their checks, they smiled. "We *might* have been hurt *bad*," they said.



IT WAS A REAL ACCIDENT THIS TIME, TO BE SURE



## A Midsummer Madness

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

I

**I**N the city the heat was unendurable. It lay in the streets like stagnant desert air, and the listless streams of humanity hugged the thin shade close beside the buildings.

At one of the stations a train had just arrived from the West, and as the passengers disembarked into the hot air of the city they recoiled and then straggled away listless and wilted. But from the sleeper "San Angelo" there descended, the moment the train stopped, two who did not linger listlessly. Even before the porter could place his little landing-stool for their feet, they had dropped deftly to the platform and hurried off.

The young man was tall and strong and he carried the two suit-cases easily, while the girl, slight and pretty, had nothing to do but follow him as he pushed through the station, dodging the passengers who had alighted from the forward cars.

"Come on," he said, turning his head; "the cabs are just ahead here."

"I'm right behind you," she replied;

"go as fast as you like. We don't want any of them to catch up with us." She laughed as she said it, and her companion grinned in sympathy.

"They might kiss us," he laughed.

"They look as if they wanted to."

They took the first cab they came to. The young man quite threw the suit-cases into it, and almost threw the girl in after them. He gave the cabby a hurried direction, jumped in, and the cab rattled away.

"Now," said the girl, with a sigh of relief, "I can breathe."

"It was rather—rather strenuous, wasn't it?" he said. "They all knew it."

"Knew it!" said the girl. "Horrid things! They knew what we were the moment we got on the car. We might as well have worn labels. It would have saved them the fun of guessing." She laughed.

"Bully idea, Bee," he exclaimed. "Why not do it? Big placard with 'Yes, We Are Just Married. On Our Honeymoon.' Or I might have handbills printed and distribute them through the car. What?"

"It makes one feel so—so conspicuous," she complained, smiling at him. "And you can't feel angry, because they are so lovely about it. They didn't intrude a bit."

They didn't even pretend they knew we were just married. What do you suppose made it all so horrid?"

"We knew we were guilty," he said, "and when they didn't look at us we knew they were looking away from us because they knew we didn't want them to look at us. So we knew——" He stopped. "My!" he exclaimed, "isn't it hot?"

She rightly ignored the remark.

"How do you imagine they knew we were not old married folks?" she asked. "We tried hard enough to be. The plan didn't work at all."

"I wonder if it was because we are too new at the business," he suggested. "We needed more dress-rehearsals. We should have rehearsed for eight or ten years first. I dare say that in time——"

"Oh, yes," she laughed, "by the time I'm gray! But it makes me quiver to think of getting a train again. I'll know that everyone that looks at us will know, and that everyone that doesn't look at us will be trying not to show that they know, and I'll be deadly certain that every face I can't see will be grinning. It would be less exasperating to own up at once and hold hands and get some of the fun of it ourselves."

"I'm willing," he replied. "Let's begin now."

"I believe you would," she said, crushingly. They were passing through the crowded street, and the cab made its way slowly. To Bob it was old, for he was a New Yorker born and bred, but to Beatrix it was less familiar. She watched the scene in silence a while, and then exclaimed, suddenly:

"Bob!"

"Yes, dear."

"I have it!"

"If it's another scheme to have us be an old married couple, don't have it," he chaffed. "It won't work."

"But this will work," she said, enthusiastically. "It's a splendid idea. We won't try to be an old married couple. We won't be married at all. We'll be friends."

"Now, I call that clever of you, Bee," he said. "I always did want to be your friend. How shall we begin? Kiss and make up?"

"No," she said, not heeding his attempt at frivolity. "We'll do it this way. It's too simple! I'll get on the train alone, and then you'll get on afterward, and you'll be

surprised to see me, and you'll shake hands——"

"With myself?"

"No, goose, with me. And ask if you may sit beside me. And people will never guess we are married. They'll think it's a flirtation."

"Great!" he exclaimed, "great! Little did I think when I married you that I had acquired one who combined the wiles of a serpent and the blue eyes of a cherubic innocent. It will be great sport, anyway. When do I leave you to begin the first act?"

"Now," she said, for she saw the ferry-house before them. "Take your suitcase and leave me my ticket, and don't come near me on the ferry. Don't get on the train until the last minute. We want everyone to see the first act, you know."

New York cabmen are pretty well hardened to queer actions on the part of their fares, but the particular cabman in question was much perplexed when his male passenger left the cab, and he was still more perplexed to see him following immediately in the rear. He shook his head sagely. "Elopin'," he said, and missed it a thousand miles, in spite of his wisdom.

## II

Mrs. Beatrix Travers paused in the door of the car and glanced doubtfully at the many vacant seats. She was nearly the first on the car; only one person had preceded her, and that was an elderly lady who was settling herself comfortably in a seat in the middle of the car. Beatrix hesitated a moment and then walked forward and took a seat directly across the aisle from the elderly lady.

The elderly lady was deep in the task of fitting a Gladstone bag so that it would form a comfortable foot-rest, and when she glanced up she caught Beatrix' eye and smiled.

"Is there anyone with you?" she asked, kindly.

Beatrix did not dare to hesitate.

"No," she said, promptly. "You can see I am quite alone." Which she was—at the moment.

"Then won't you sit with me?" asked the lady. "We can keep each other company."

Beatrix could not refuse. It would have been rude and it would have suggested that she was awaiting some one. She lifted her suit-case across the aisle, and took the proffered seat. The car was already filling.

"I'm a peculiar old woman," said the lady, with a pleasant smile. "I hate to be silent. It bores me. I'd rather talk and bore some one else. A woman of my age has a right to bore people."

Beatrix smiled. There was nothing of the bore in Mrs. Burton's appearance. She was brusque, perhaps, but her brusqueness was the tang of full vitality, and she was quite a social lion in her own set. If she had a fault, it was that she liked to arrange things for the best for all concerned, and in inviting Beatrix to share her seat she had quite as much interest in making the trip pleasant for her companion as for herself.

"I love girls," she said, and she did. She was a relentless match-maker, but that was only another manifestation of her desire to do the best for everyone. She prided herself that her matches had all turned out well. "I love them so much that I can't bear to keep them to myself. You wouldn't believe how many I have loved and lost," she said. "They all marry. So when I see a new one, like you, fresh and young and unmarried, I annex her."

Beatrix was thankful her wedding-ring was hidden by her glove.

As the train began to move, Beatrix glanced out of the car-window. She was a little nervous. Bob need not have waited quite so long.

"I like America," said Mrs. Burton. "I've just returned from Europe and I like America. I like our cars and our people. There are no girls like American girls. I was one once. Ages ago."

Beatrix was wild to turn her head and see if Robert was in the car, and yet she did not dare. She answered quite at random.

"Is it possible?" she said, sweetly.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton, but if her feelings had been touched she forgot it instantly.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "If there isn't that dear, sweet boy, Bob Travers!"

Bob held out his hand. He was grinning in the broadest style.

"Mrs. Burton!" he cried. "It does me good to see you."

She turned to Beatrix.

"Bob," she said, "let me——" But Bob had already leaned forward to take Bee's hand.

"Beatrix!" he exclaimed, joyfully. "You on this train! Who would have thought I should meet you and Mrs. Burton both here? This is luck. What?"

"Luck?" said Bee. "It's a coincidence, at least. How long is it since I saw you?"

Bob leaned against the arm of the seat.

"Let me see," he said. "Five, six——"

"Oh, surely not so long as that," said Beatrix, and they both laughed.

"Well," said Mrs. Burton, "as long as I can't introduce you two, you might introduce us, Bob."

Bob, glancing down, saw the telltale initials painted upon his wife's suit-case.

"Certainly," he said. "Mrs. Burton, Beatrix Travers. Both jolly good friends of mine."

"Cousins?" asked Mrs. Burton, suspiciously. As a conscientious match-maker, she detested first cousins.

"No," said Bob, bravely, "not quite that. I don't believe, Bee, that your father is related to mine at all, is he?"

"No," said Beatrix, honestly, "no blood-relationship. Travers is rather a common name, isn't it? I'm a Chicagoan."

Mrs. Burton beamed upon her. She beamed upon Bob. The interest that Bob took in Beatrix was evident, and Mrs. Burton felt that only a few deft touches of her careful hand were necessary to bring these two delightful people together for life. She opened her purse and took from it her ticket. As her head bent over the purse, Bob caught Beatrix' eye and winked. There was good sport ahead. Outwitting even the kindest of match-makers is legitimate sport.

Mrs. Burton exhibited her ticket with evident intentions, and Beatrix aided her.

"Why!" she exclaimed, in mock surprise, "I am going there, too! Isn't it lovely?"

"Where is that?" asked Bob.

Mrs. Burton handed him her ticket.

"Me too!" he laughed.

"Really?" Beatrix asked. "How nice! I sha'n't be quite alone now, shall I?"

Mrs. Burton looked at her in surprise.

"Alone!" she said. "But of course it is all right. Young America does such



*Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence*

THE INTEREST THAT BOB TOOK IN BEATRIX WAS EVIDENT

things, doesn't it? Now, in my day——" She waved her hand to suggest that it was all very different. "Where are you to stop?" she asked.

Bob interposed quickly, and named the hotel they had decided upon.

Beatrice, it seemed, was going to the same hotel. Mrs. Burton shook her head.

"You couldn't do better," she said. "I have often stopped there; but I have a cottage, and I wish you would both stop with me. Oceans of room, you know." The fire of the match-maker gleamed in her eye.

"Couldn't possibly," said Bob, decidedly. "Awfully thankful, and so on, but I can't. Really, I have imperative reasons for stopping at the hotel. I'm going to meet some one there. In fact," he added, "we have taken a room together, and——"

"I sha'n't urge," said Mrs. Burton. "But you," she said, turning to Beatrice—"you can't have that excuse. You said you were going to be alone."

Beatrice looked dismayed.

"Did I?" she gasped. She glanced at Bob for help. He nodded his head.

"Oh, yes," she laughed, uneasily. "Of course I did. I forget what I say sometimes. I'm such a talker that I can't remember all I say. I mean," she said, weakly, "I say things I can't remember." She laughed nervously.

Mrs. Burton looked at her severely.

"You need a chaperon," she said, decidedly.

"Oh, no," said Beatrice, quickly. "Why, I'm——" She paused and bit her lip.

"Nevertheless," said Mrs. Burton, "you are going to have one. You must come and stay with me at my cottage."

"Oh, I can't do that!" cried Beatrice.

"Can I, Bob?" she appealed.

He grinned at her in the most tantalizing manner.

"Can't you?" he asked.

Mrs. Burton's heart glowed within her. Here was material ready for her hand. If she knew anything of young people, and she thought she did, these children had planned to meet each other. Here was a well-advanced flirtation that needed only the finishing touches. Beatrice smiled roughly at her husband.

"Very well," she said, calmly, "I'll be delighted to intrude myself on you, Mrs. Burton."

"Oh, I say, Bee!" Bob exclaimed, "you can't do that, you know."

"Why not?" she demanded. "She asked me."

"But—but your rooms," he said.

"Haven't you engaged your rooms?"

Beatrice laughed.

"I engaged no rooms," she said. "You may have engaged a room, but because you did is no reason why I should, is it?"

Bob studied her face, but she avoided his eyes. Then he laughed, heartily and with relief. Who ever heard of a bride really deserting her husband simply to carry out a whim? It was all part of the joke. At the station they would have to tell Mrs. Burton, that was all. He sank into a vacant seat behind them.

"Of course," he said, "if you didn't engage a room, I have nothing more to say."

Beatrice turned quickly, and caught the twinkle in his eye. He was not angry.

When the train reached their station and the leaving passengers arose, Beatrice took advantage of the slight confusion to whisper to Bob.

"You tell her," she said.

"No, you tell her," he whispered back.

"All right," she replied; but she could not tell Mrs. Burton while they were moving down the aisle, and the moment they reached the platform, a footman took her suit-case, and at a motion from Mrs. Burton's hand placed it in the waiting trap.

"Oh," exclaimed Beatrice, "I didn't really mean to go with you!"

"But I mean you shall," said Mrs. Burton.

"But Bob and I——" stammered Beatrice.

"Then," said Mrs. Burton, "let Bob come too."

Bob went. There really seemed nothing else for him to do.

### III

There was a minute when they stood in the hall alone. There always is such a minute, just after you arrive, when your hostess hurries away, and you are left standing together and you hurriedly whisper a brief confidence, as that there is a streak of black on your face, or that the hall is a

perfect junk-shop, or that your hostess looks badly in that gown.

It was in that minute that Bob whispered, fiercely:

"Why didn't you tell her?"

"How could I?" Bee giggled. "She talked a blue streak. I had no chance."

"When are you going to tell her?"

"I'm not going to," she cooed, sweetly. "I'm going to let you tell her. You do such things so nicely."

"Not I!" he said. "Oh, no! This is your game, Bee. It is up to you to do the confess."

"I can't," she replied. "I'm ashamed to. I feel like a criminal, after she has been so kind and has taken us in."

"I guess that's even," he said. "We took her in, didn't we?"

They giggled together in joyful guilt.

"Sh!" exclaimed Beatrix. "She's coming. You tell her."

There was the preliminary rustle of skirts on the floor above, and Mrs. Burton descended the stairs, leading the way before a stately, broad-browed goddess. "Miss Travers, Miss Willingham; Miss Willingham, Mr. Travers," said Mrs. Burton.

"So pleased!" drawled Miss Willingham. Her accent was unmistakable; she was English, of the most strenuous, unjokable type. Her broad, clear brow spread like the marble pediment of a temple to Uncompromising Rectitude, and her gray eyes were meant to see facts. Levity they understood not.

"Miss Willingham is one of my girls," Mrs. Burton said to Beatrix. "You will like each other, I know."

"I'm sure we shall," murmured Beatrix, sweetly, but she was thinking, "Of course we can't tell Mrs. Burton just now."

"You didn't know I was trapping you for a house-party, did you?" laughed Mrs. Burton. "Where's that Schroeder boy?" she asked, turning to Miss Willingham.

Miss Willingham raised her brows ever so slightly. She implied that she did not know, did not care, and did not want to know or to care. It was implied that Miss Willingham and Mr. Schroeder did not mix well.

"I'll hunt him up," said Mrs. Burton, cheerfully. "Miss Travers, you will want to see your room. Jane will show you the way. Miss Willingham can entertain Bob a while. I'll find that boy in a minute."

Miss Willingham led Travers to a seat on the veranda, seated him on it and considered him. She was favorably impressed.

"It's red-hot in town," said Bob.

"Yes?" drawled Miss Willingham.

"Give you my word for it," Bob said.

"I can bring witnesses to prove it."

Miss Willingham studied his face.

"That is a joke?" she half announced, half questioned.

"By George, so it is!" he replied. "But you shouldn't have told me. I'll be conceited now. I'm likely never to get over it. We Americans think we are all right if we can just make a joke now and then. Ever notice it?"

Miss Willingham actually smiled.

"Really!" she said.

"Fact," said Travers. "It's one of the great American characteristics, like crowded street-cars and quick lunches."

Miss Willingham smiled again.

"I heard a joke the other day about your trams," she drawled, good-naturedly. "Awfully funny joke. I lawfed at it. Imagine! Something about feet, you know."

"Yes," said Bob, enthusiastically, "I can imagine. Must have been terribly funny. Some jokes are. I've noticed that."

"Really!" said Miss Willingham. She was quite delighted.

Mrs. Burton coming around the corner of the house, leading the reluctant Schroeder, who regularly shied at sight of Miss Willingham, almost stood still when she saw the pleasure shown by her English protégée. Of all her experiences she had found Miss Willingham the hardest to steer toward love, honor and obey. Miss Willingham repelled men as if she were the negative pole of an iceberg, and here she was actually smiling at a man in the first five minutes of acquaintance. Mrs. Burton made an instant decision. The opportunity was heaven-sent. Miss Willingham must have a chance to show Travers her good qualities. A girl like Beatrix Travers any man would love. The Schroeder boy, for example.

As Mrs. Burton and the Schroeder boy mounted the veranda steps, Beatrix, beaming and refreshed, emerged from the hall, and Mrs. Burton arrested her in her flight toward Bob.

"Oh, Miss Travers," she said, "I want Mr. Schroeder to meet you."

Beatrix paused and turned reluctantly. She did not want to meet Mr. Schroeder. She wanted to get to Bob, but she smiled graciously and extended her hand, which the Schroeder boy took and partially crushed. His hand was large and durable, as befitted a man of six feet two. He wore white flannels in a manner that made one feel surprised that such a great quantity of white flannel could be in existence at one time. When he dropped her hand, Beatrix turned toward Travers and Miss Willingham again.

Mrs. Burton was not to be so easily outwitted. She hurried up the steps and seized Beatrix by the arm.

"Come," she said, "you must see the view from the east veranda. It is wonderful. Mr. Schroeder!"

Mr. Schroeder followed gladly. Beatrix cast one despairing glance at Bob and vanished from his view.

"Let's go see what they are seeing," suggested Bob, almost coaxingly.

"No," said Miss Willingham, "we can see that later. I'm fatigued. Don't you fancy sitting here?"

"I love it," said Travers. "I just dote on it. I could sit here forever. I fancy it like everything. But I'm a sort of crank on views. I'd rather see a landscape than make a joke."

"Really!" drawled Miss Willingham.

"Yes," said Bob. "You don't know what a lover of landscapes I am. I'm a sort of collector of them. And I want to add that one to my collection."

"We can see it by and by quite as well," said Miss Willingham.

"Ah!" said Travers, "ah! that's just it. We can't see it as well by and by. This is just the right light to see it in. That landscape," he said, earnestly, "needs to be seen in just this light."

Miss Willingham shook her head. "It's far better a little later," she said.

"You may think so," said Bob, "but this light is my favorite light. I always prefer this light because—"

He never told why, for at that moment Mrs. Burton, Beatrix and the Schroeder boy came around the corner. Mrs. Burton had tried to keep Beatrix longer. She had expatiated on the view, and had pointed out everything that was to be seen and some things that were not, but Beatrix wanted to see the prospect from the other side.

"Really," said Miss Willingham to Bob, "if you must see it in this light, we had better go at once." She arose and went, and there was nothing for Travers to do but follow her. As he passed, Beatrix cast him a humorously imploring glance.

"Oh, I say, Bee!" he called, turning back.

Miss Willingham turned and stood, patiently waiting. Mrs. Burton and the Schroeder boy stood waiting also, while Beatrix and Bob met in the middle ground.

"Tell them!" whispered Beatrix. "Tell them!"

"Tell whom?" he asked. "I've only got this Englisher. You've got Mrs. Burton. You tell her."

"I can't," she wailed, "unless I can get rid of this Schroeder man, and I can't do do that. I think he's going to make love to me."

"If he does—" Travers frowned. "She," he said, "is flirting with me full force already. You tell Mrs. Burton!"

"Ahem!" coughed Mrs. Burton. Beatrix and Bob started, guiltily.

"You!" commanded Beatrix, but Bob shook his head.

#### IV

Miss Willingham showed Bob Travers the landscape. She dwelt upon it feelingly. He was greatly surprised to find so much feeling in her. She quite overflowed with it, and when he was insufferably full of landscape she insisted that they must walk to the edge of the lake and see it from there. As she led him around the cottage, Beatrix coughed meaningly. She was not pleased to see her newly acquired husband going for a stroll with anyone—particularly a Miss Willingham.

"That chap Schroeder," said Bob, "he seems a nice fellow." He said it suggestively. He really wanted Miss Willingham to think so.

"Yes?" she said. Her tone implied a fathomless indifference.

"Oh, yes!" said Bob enthusiastically. "He looks like the right sort, sure enough. Nice manly fellow, don't you think?" He made a mental reservation. In fact, he considered Schroeder a cad, and worse. Flirting with his wife, if you please! "Such a big, wholesome, whole-souled chap—what?" he asked.

"He is insufferable," said Miss Willingham.

"You don't know him," urged Bob, eagerly. "You ought to know him better to really appreciate him. Suppose we go back and—talk with him?"

Miss Willingham's only answer was to lead him farther from Schroeder and Beatrix. As they passed out of sight of the cottage, and the path became rougher, Miss Willingham made a movement as if to take his arm. Bob shied. He selected a particularly round stone and stepped deliberately on it, and as it rolled he dropped to the ground and grasped his ankle. He screwed his face into a knot. He groaned with quite unnecessary vehemence.

"Ankle!" he muttered, tremblingly. "Sprained—pain fearful—back to cottage—perhaps I can limp that far. Ouch!"

He did not really doubt his ability to limp that far, unless he should forget to limp.

Miss Willingham expressed her sorrow for his mishap and begged him to lean on her shoulder. He bravely refused. He groaned that he would try to hobble.

On the veranda Beatrix sat, with her left hand held stiffly upright before her face. The denseness of her two captors was soul-trying. The day before, every man, woman and child had noticed her wedding-ring at the first glance, and now Mrs. Burton and the Schroeder boy absolutely refused to see it. She flaunted it in their faces, and they only smiled at her and said "Miss Travers."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton, suddenly. "I must speak to my cook. Will you excuse me a moment?" She took the excuses for granted, and vanished.

Beatrix lost no time. She thought she saw a dangerous light in the eyes of the Schroeder boy.

"Miss Willingham is nice, isn't she?" she said, quickly.

"Awfully jolly sort," he returned, "when you know her. Regular skylarker."

Beatrix looked at him closely, but his face was almost a blank.

"I say," he added, "let's walk."

"Oh, no," she said; "let's sit here."

"Come on," he urged; "let's go look at the lake."

"Is that where Miss Willingham and Mr. Travers went?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"I believe I should like to see the lake," she decided.

They descended the veranda steps, but he turned to the left. Bob had gone to the right.

"But this isn't the way they went," Beatrix suggested.

"Much nicer this path," he said.

They walked on in silence.

"Does this path lead to where they are?" she asked at length.

"No," he said, "not this path."

"It is very rough," said Beatrix. "I never saw such a rough path."

"I say," the Schroeder boy urged, "just take my arm."

In reply, Beatrix uttered a little scream and sank to the ground in an eddy of skirts.

"My foot!" she cried. "I've sprained my ankle! I must go back!"

She arose and limped. She did not limp very well, but the Schroeder boy was not a connoisseur of limps and he accepted it as a first-class quality.

"I'm horrid sorry," he said, in real distress. "You must take my arm now. You can't limp all that way, you know."

"Oh, yes, I can," she said, quickly. "I prefer to. It's—it's good for me."

The Schroeder boy awkwardly barred her way. A wave of red spread over his face.

"You can take my arm, you know," he said, and blushed. "I don't—I don't mean to flirt by it. I can see things, if I am a bit slow, and I saw first off that Mr. Travers was rather"—he paused to consider the most delicate way to put it—"that you two were chummy," he said, hastily, "and that I was pushing in. But I don't mind telling you that Miss Willingham and I are that way too. I'm awfully gone on her. We almost made it up between us, you know, while Mrs. Burton was in town, but somehow we got to quarreling, and I thought maybe if I left her alone a bit—" He paused, and wiped his face. "You see, she won't let me near her. If you could say a word to her, now—"

As they rounded the familiar corner of the cottage, they came face to face with Bob and Miss Willingham. Bob was limping conspicuously. So was Beatrix. In a moment each forgot everything but the other's pain and they sprang toward each other with the speed and wholeness of fit athletes.

"Dearest," cried Bob, "are you hurt? Are you injured? Are you in pain?"

Beatrix fell at his feet and clasped his ankles.

"Oh, what is the matter? What is the matter?" she wailed.

"Nothing, with me," he assured her.

"I'm all right," she declared.

And then they laughed. And then they caught the astonished glances of Miss Willingham and the Schroeder boy, and they blushed.

# V

The four of them sat down on the lower step of the veranda and entered into explanations. The explanations began with the day Beatrix and Bob were married, and continued until they reached that very seat they then occupied.

"How American!" said Miss Willingham.

"Mighty clever, you know," said the Schroeder boy.

"Yes," said Bob, "but how are we to tell Mrs. Burton? It was sort of a mean trick on her, don't you think?"

"Jolly good trick, I call it," said the Schroeder boy. "She's such a dear old soul she won't mind. I'd just tell her off-hand."

"But I hardly know her," pleaded Beatrix, "and I'm sure I've told piles of fibs. What will she ever think of me?"

"Say, it's jolly!" said the Schroeder boy. "She might be a little put out to think she was fooled into trying to couple up Mrs. Travers and me, and Mr. Travers and——" He looked doubtfully at Miss Willingham. She smiled in a friendly way.

"Pshaw!" said Bob; "after all, what is there to tell? We are married. We pretended we were not. I'll just go up to her and I'll say, 'Mrs. Burton——'"

"Yes?" asked Beatrix, eagerly.

"I'll say, 'Mrs. Burton——'" Bob resumed, and then stopped.

"Go on," said Beatrix; "that's a good beginning."

"Well," Bob asked, turning to Beatrix, "what would you say after you had said 'Mrs. Burton'?"

"I'd say," said Beatrix, waving her hand gracefully, "'Mrs. Burton, I am married.' Bravely, like that."

"How would it do," asked Bob, "for you and me to go in together, and then I could say, 'Mrs. Burton, this is my wife'?"

"I say!" exclaimed the Schroeder boy,

"I have it! You know how I laugh. Or no, you don't. I haven't felt like laughing lately. But Miss Willingham knows, don't you, Grace?"

Miss Willingham did not rebuke the "Grace." She smiled.

"He lawfs chawmingly," she said.

"Like this," said the Schroeder boy, and he raised his head and laughed until the others laughed with him.

"Great, yes?" he asked. "Well, suppose I go in and find Mrs. B. and let off that laugh at her, and then choke it off and say: 'The greatest joke! Best thing I ever heard. Travers is married. Married to that girl that came with him.' And then I'll tell the whole story. She can't be angry then—think so?"

"If you only would!" exclaimed Beatrix. "Tell her how we suffered before, and how I thought we would pretend not to be married, and never imagined we'd meet anyone we would know."

"If you'll do it," said Bob, "I'll be your best friend for life."

"She goes!" said the Schroeder boy. "Now I laugh."

He burst into his happy, ringing laugh, and the four arose and turned to ascend the steps. The laugh dwindled and shrunk into a squeak, and the others gasped. Mrs. Burton was standing at the head of the steps. She seemed greatly amused.

"I said I liked American girls," she declared. "Maybe I'm an old fossil. I'd have a right to be at my age. But I like American girls. Except for one thing. They marry themselves off and don't give us meddling old match-makers a chance."

The Schroeder boy blushed.

"Oh, I say," he protested. "The English girls aren't so slow, either."

Miss Willingham decided that he meant this as a compliment. She rewarded him with a smile. Then she, too, blushed.

Mrs. Burton found compensation in that blush. She turned to Bob and Beatrix, who were meekly awaiting sentence.

"You old married folks," she said, "had better go down to the lake and hold hands. You must be starved."

They went, gratefully. It was like a reunion after long years. As they passed out of view of the cottage, Beatrix threw her arms about his neck, and he kissed her.

But they had been married only two days, so it was excusable.

# Story of Paul Jones

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

## IV

### THE BLAST OF WAR



NORFOLK was never more at peace than on the day succeeding the ball. There was no challenge, no duel. Planter Paul Jones waited to hear from Lieutenant Parker—at first hopefully; in the end, when nothing came, with doubtful brow of grief. Was it that Lieutenant Parker wouldn't fight? Planter Paul Jones heard the suggestion from his friend Mr. Hurst with polite scorn. Such thoughts were beyond his reach.

"He *must* fight," urged Planter Paul Jones, desperately keeping alive the fires of his hope. "He will fight because it is his trade, if for no other reason."

Planter Paul Jones was wrong. Lieutenant Parker never showed his beaten face ashore in America again.

Nor did any bellicose gentleman appear for Lieutenant Parker or propose to take his place. This last omission gave Planter Paul Jones as sharp a pang as though he had been slighted by some dearest friend. Having on his own part a native lust for battle, it bewildered him when so excellent a foundation for a duel fell into neglect, and no architect of combat came forward to build thereon.

"It is not to be understood!" observed Planter Paul Jones dejectedly, after the sloop-of-war with Lieutenant Parker and those others of that gold-lace coterie had sailed away; "it's not to be understood! Surely, there must have been one gentleman among them who, if free to do so, would have called me to account." Then, with solemn sadness, "I am convinced that their admiral interfered."

Who shall say? The admiral was the paternal uncle of Lieutenant Parker of the crushed and broken nose.

The story was later in England to the

explanatory effect that no fellow-officer would act for Lieutenant Parker. However it may have been, that imprudent person—wearing the marks of Planter Paul Jones's rebuke for many a day—was not dismissed from the king's service. He was in the fight off Fort Moultrie, where—unlike Sergeant Jasper of the Americans—he in no wise distinguished himself.

Planter Paul Jones, when every final chance of the trouble for which he longed had departed with the departure of the war-sloop, sorrowfully steered the peace-sloop back to his plantation by the Rappahannock; and thereafter he did his best to forget an incident that—because of the mysterious tameness of the English under conditions which should have brought them ferociously to the field—gave him a dull, aching sense of pain. As he said to Mr. Hurst, when about to spread his small canvas and sail away for home, it was one of those experiences that shake a man's faith in his kind.

The colonial dames got hold of the tale, and Planter Paul Jones became all the more the petted darling of the drawing-rooms. This of itself was a destiny most friendly to his taste; for our Virginia Bayard lived not without his tender vanities. Bright eyes—by his word—were more beautiful than stars; he could sigh, whisper a sonnet and softly press a little hand. Also, having in his composition an ardent dash of the peacock, he was capable, with fair ladies looking on, of a decorous albeit a resplendent strut.

Four months, dating from the disaster to Lieutenant Parker's nose, have squeezed through the gates of a narrow present and merged with those other countless months that together make the past. It is a muggy April morning, and New York city, panting with its metropolitan population of forty thousand, is soaked to the bone. Little squalls of rain follow one another in gusty procession. Between the squalls the sun shines forth, and sets the world asteam.

After each of these intermittent bursts of glory the sun is again blotted out by a black flurry of clouds, and another shower sets in.

It is in William Street that one comes across the lithe, brisk figure of Planter Paul Jones. That restless tobacco-grower, with his two aquatic slaves, Scipio and Cato, and the little sloop, has been knocking about the Eastern Shore for ducks, and a sudden change of plan now brings him to New York, with a last purpose of extending his voyage as far as Boston. Planter Paul Jones is in a mood to know the Yankees better, and come by some guess of his own as to how soon those Puritan bulldogs may be expected to fly at the English throat.

At the corner of John Street Planter Paul Jones comes upon a lean, prim personage. By his severe air, the latter gentleman is evidently an individual of consequence. The severe gentleman, with a prudent care for his coat in direct contrast with the weather-carelessness of the other, has taken refuge in the safe harborage of a doorway. From the dry vantage of the doorway he cranes his neck in a tentative way, the better to survey the heavens. Plainly he asks a guarantee in favor of some partial space of sunshine before he again ventures abroad. As Planter Paul Jones comes up, both he and the severe gentleman gaze at each other for one moment. Then their hands are caught in a warm exchange of greetings:

"Mr. Livingston, by my word!" cries Planter Paul Jones, shaking the severe gentleman's hand with an exuberance graceful enough in one who is under thirty.

"Paul Jones!" exclaims the severe gentleman, returning the handshake, but with a due regard to the pompous.

"Now this is what I term fortunate!" says Planter Paul Jones, releasing the



MARY WASHINGTON HOUSE, FREDERICKSBURG, WHERE JONES LIVED WHILE HE SETTLED HIS BROTHER'S ESTATE

other's fingers. "I was on my way to your house to ask for letters of introduction to Mr. Hancock and others in Boston."

"Boston! Surely, you have heard the news?"

"News? I've heard nothing. For six weeks I've been anywhere between Barnegat and

the Chesapeake in my sloop. I tied up at the foot of Whitehall Street within the hour, and you're the first I've spoken with since I stepped ashore."

"And you've not heard!" repeats Mr. Livingston, arching his brows. Then, with a look at once somber and solemn: "Black news! black news, indeed! I'm on my way to Hanover Square to have it set up in types, and scattered throughout the town. Come; you shall go with me, and I'll talk as we walk along."

Mr. Livingston takes Planter Paul Jones by the arm.

"Black news!" he resumes. "The Massachusetts men have attacked the British at Lexington and Concord; and my despatches, while necessarily meager, say that the British were disgracefully beaten, and lost—killed and wounded—several hundred soldiers."

"And do you call that black news?" interjects Planter Paul Jones, his eye finely aflame. "To my mind it is as good news as ever I hope to hear."

"How can you say so? It fills me with measureless gloom. I cannot but look ahead and wonder where it will end. And yet we should hope for the best." This with a weary sigh. "Possibly the mother-country may learn from this experience how bitterly in earnest Americans are, and be thereby led to mitigate the harshness of her attitude toward us."

Planter Paul Jones shakes his head in emphatic disbelief.

"There will be no softening of England's attitude. Believe me, sir, I'm not so long

out of London but that I'm clear as to the plans and purposes of King George and his ministers. The Tories in England have deliberately forced the situation."

"Forced the situation! You amaze me!"

"Have my word for it, sir; my name is not Paul Jones if it was not the deliberate design of King George and his advisers to bring about a clash with these colonies."

"And to what end, pray?"

"To give them an excuse for imposing martial law upon us. They will pour a cataract of red-coats upon our shores. Musket in fist, cannon to back them, they

"Why, then," says he after a pause, "if such be the Tory design, war we shall have. And what is to be your course in case of war?"

"I shall take my part in it, never fear. This very day I shall write to my friends who will have seats in the Congress that meets next month in Philadelphia, and ask them to wear my name in their minds. I am theirs so soon as ever they have a plank afloat to put me on."

The pair, earnestly talking, reach Hanover Square, and pause in front of The Bible and Crown.

"Here we are," says Mr. Livingston. "Now if you'll but wait until I give orders to Printer Rivington as to how he's to print and circulate my despatches, I'll have you up to the house, where we can further consider this business over a bottle of wine."

"I beg that you will excuse me," returns Planter Paul Jones. He



SITE OF JONES PLANTATION ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK, FREDERICKSBURG

will disperse our legislatures, and take away our charters of self-government. That blood at Concord and Lexington gives them the pretext for which they waited. They can now call us rebels; and, calling us rebels, they can reduce us—for all our white skins and free-born blood—to the slavish status of Hindoostan."

Mr. Livingston stares while this long speech is reeled off.

"Do you mean to say," he asks at last, "that we are the victims of a Tory plot? Am I to understand that Concord and Lexington were aimed at by the king?"

"Precisely so; and for one I'm glad the issue's made. We have now but the one alternative. We may choose between abject slavery and war to the hilt."

Mr. Livingston's severely pompous face, as the iron truth begins to overcome him, takes on an expression at once noble and high.



RIISING SUN INN, A FAVORITE HAUNT OF JONES DURING HIS RESIDENCE IN FREDERICKSBURG

has been making plans of his own while they talked. "I trust that you will pardon me, but I must refuse. I shall have no more than just time to write and post my letters, and get away on the ebb tide. Three days from now I shall be at my plantation putting all in order for the storm."

"Remember!" cries Mr. Livingston, as he and Planter Paul Jones shake hands at parting, "my brother Philip will be in the coming Congress. You have but to go to him; he is as much your friend as is either Mr. Washington or Mr. Jefferson or Mr. Hewes or Mr. Harrison or Mr. Morris.

I shall speak to him of you before the day is out."

"Say to him," returns Planter Paul Jones, "that I shall come to him among the first."

The winds generously flatter the little sloop on her return voyage. She came north slowly, reluctantly; now, with the wind aft and all but blowing a gale, she flies southward like a bird. As Planter Paul Jones boasted, within the three days after seeing the last of Sandy Hook he steps ashore on his own domain by the Rappahannock.

The innocent tobacco blacks say nothing, but marvel open-mouthed at the far-traveled Cato and Scipio of the many experiences.

Planter Paul Jones, on whom a war-fever is growing, plunges into immediate conference with Duncan Macbean.

"How much free money can we make?" he asks.

The old Highlander scratches his grizzled locks. Then he thoughtfully considers the inside of his Glengarry bonnet, which he takes from his head for that purpose. One would think from his long study of it that he keeps his accounts in its linings. At last, the inspection being at an end, he puts it back on his head again.

"Now there suld be the matter o' three thousand guineas in gold in Williamsburg," returns old Duncan Macbean; "besides a hunner or so siller in the house. I can gi' ye three thousand guineas, and never miss the feelin' o' them, gin that'll be enou'."

"Three thousand guineas! What time I shall be in Philadelphia it should keep a king. Have it set to my credit, Duncan, in Mr. Ross's bank in Chestnut Street in that town. For myself, I shall go there as soon as Congress convenes."

"And will ye no be back home agen?" asks Duncan Macbean, his bronzed cheek a trifle white.

"If there's war—and you may take it from me there will be—I shall not return. I hope to sail in the first war-ship that flies the colors of the Colonies." Then, grasping old Duncan's hand in a grip of steel: "You stay here and run the plantation, old friend. Wherever I am, I shall know that all is right ashore while you are here. For I can trust you."

"Ay! ye can trust me; no fear o' that," and the water stands in the old man's eyes.

## V

## THE PLANTER BECOMES A LIEUTENANT

"It was Mr. Adams who opposed you. The best place I could make was that of lieutenant. Mr. Adams wouldn't hear of you as a captain; and since, with General Washington, Virginia and the Southern Colonies have been given control of the Army, his claim of the Navy for Massachusetts and the Northern Colonies found general consent. Commodore Hopkins, and four of the five captains, beginning with Mr. Adams' protégé, Dudley Saltonstall, go to New England. The most that I could make Mr. Adams agree to was that you should be set at the head of the list of lieutenants."

"I am sorry, sir, that Mr. Adams holds a poor opinion of me." This with a sigh. "It was my dream to be a captain, and have a ship of my own. However, I am in Philadelphia to serve the cause of human rights rather than promote the personal fortunes of Paul Jones. Let the list go as it is; the future doubtless will bring all things straight. I am free to say, however, that from the selections made by Mr. Adams, as you repeat them, I think he has provided for more courts-martial than victories."

The two gentlemen in talk are Mr. Hewes, member of the Colonial Congress from North Carolina, and Planter Paul Jones. Mr. Hewes is old and worn and sick, and only his granite resolution keeps him at the seat of government.

"Mr. Hancock," continues Mr. Hewes, "is also from Massachusetts, and as chairman of our committee he gave Mr. Adams what aid he could. There's one honor you may have, however; I arranged for that. The issuance of the commissions is with Mr. Hancock, and if you'll accompany me to the Hall you will be given yours at once. That will make you the first, if not the highest, naval officer of the Colonies to be commissioned."

"On what ship am I to serve?"

"The *Alfred*, Captain Saltonstall."

Raw and bleak sweep the December winds through the bare streets as the two go on their way to the Hall where Congress holds its sittings. Fortunately, as Lieut. Paul Jones phrases it, the wind is "on their quarter," and so Mr. Hewes, despite



*Drawn by Seymour M. Stone*

"I SHOULD SAY NOW THAT IN MAKING YOU A LIEUTENANT WE LAY THE CORNER-STONE  
OF THE AMERICAN NAVY"

his weakness, makes better weather of it than one would look for.

"I'll have a carriage home," says he, panting a little, as the stiff breeze steals his breath away.

"I can't," suddenly speaks up Lieut. Paul Jones after a long interval of silence—"I can't for the life of me make out how I incurred the enmity of Mr. Adams. I've never set foot in Boston or Massachusetts—never set eyes on him before I came to this city last July."

Mr. Hewes smiles.

"You sacrificed interest to epigram," says he. Lieut. Paul Jones glares in wonder. "Let me explain," goes on Mr. Hewes, answering the look. "Do you recall meeting Mr. Adams at Colonel Carroll's house out near Schuylkill Falls?"

"That was last October."

"Precisely! Mr. Adams' memory is quite equal to last October. The more if the event remembered were a dig to his vanity."

"A dig to his vanity!" repeats Lieut. Paul Jones in astonishment. "I cannot now recall that I so much as spoke a word to the old iceberg."

"It wasn't a word spoken to him, but one spoken of him. This is it: Mr. Adams told an anecdote in French to little Betty Faulkner of Virginia. Later you must needs be witty and whisper to Miss Betty a satirical word or so anent Mr. Adams' French."

"Why, then," interjects Lieut. Paul Jones, with a dry, whimsical grin, "I'll tell you what I said. 'It is fortunate,' I observed to Miss Betty, 'that Mr. Adams' sentiments are not so English as is his French. If they were, he would be far and away the greatest Tory in the world.'"

"Just so!" chuckles Mr. Hewes. "And, doubtless, all very true! None the less, my young friend, your sharpness cost you a captaincy. The *mot* was too good to keep, and little Betty started it on a journey that landed it at a fourth telling slap in the outraged ear of Mr. Adams himself. Make you a captain? He would as soon think of making you rich."

The pair trudge on in silence, Mr. Hewes turning about in his mind sundry matters of colonial policy, and Lieut. Paul Jones solacing himself by recalling how it is the even year to a day since that Norfolk ball when he so smote upon the scandalous nose of Lieutenant Parker.

"Now that I'm a lieutenant like himself," run the warlike cogitations of Lieut. Paul Jones, "I'd prodigiously enjoy meeting the scoundrel afloat. I might teach his dullness a better opinion of us."

Lieut. Paul Jones came to Philadelphia in July. For months he has been hard at work—one day in conference with the Marine Committee, leading them by the light of his ship-knowledge; the next busy with adz and oakum and calking-iron, repairing and renewing the tottering hulks which the agents of the colonies have collected as the nucleus of the baby navy. Over this very ship, the *Alfred*, on which he is to sail as lieutenant, he has moiled and toiled as though it were intended as a present for his bride. He confidently counted on being made its captain; and now to sail as a subordinate where he looked to have command is a bitter disappointment. Sail he will, however, and that without murmur; for he is too good a patriot to hang back, too strong a heart to sulk. Besides, he has the optimism of the born war-dog.

"Given open war," thinks he, "what more should one ask than a cutlass and the chance to use it? Once we're aboard an enemy, it shall go hard but I carve a captaincy out of the situation."

Congress is not in session upon this particular day, and Mr. Hewes leads Lieut. Paul Jones straight to Chairman Hancock of the Marine Committee. That eminent patriot is in his committee-room. He is big, florid, proud, and, like all the Massachusetts men since Concord and Lexington, a bit puffed up. No presentation is needed; Mr. Hancock and Lieut. Paul Jones have been acquainted since July. The big merchant-statesman beams pleasantly on the new lieutenant, and points to a chair. Then he draws Mr. Hewes into a far window.

"I can't see what's got into Adams," says Mr. Hancock, lowering his voice to a whisper. "He burst in here a moment ago and declared that he meant to move at the next session a reconsideration of the appointment of our young friend."

"And now what's the trouble?"

"He says that Jones isn't two years out of England; and that his sympathies must needs lean towards King George."

"It will be well if the patriotism of Mr. Adams himself stands as near the perpendicular as does that of Paul Jones!"



PISTOL OWNED BY JOHN PAUL JONES

"And next he urges that Jones is a man of no family."

"Now did one ever hear such aristocratic bosh! The more since our cause is human rights, and our shout 'Democracy!' I shall take occasion, when next I have the honor of meeting Mr. Adams"—here the eyes of the old North Carolinian begin to sparkle—"to mention this subject of families, and remind him that it would worry the *Heralds'*

College excessively if that seminary of pedigrees were called upon to back-track his own."

"No, no, my dear sir," and the merchant-statesman, full of lofty mollifications, makes soothing gestures with his hands. "For all our sakes say nothing to Mr. Adams. You recall what Doctor Franklin remarked of him: 'He is always honest, sometimes great, but often mad.' Let us then forget Adams—and give Jones his commission."

As Lieut. Paul Jones is given his commission by Mr. Hancock, the latter observes with a smile:

"You have the first commission issued, Lieutenant Jones. If the simile were permissible concerning anything that refers to the sea, I should say now that in making you a lieutenant we lay the corner-stone of the American Navy."

Lieut. Paul Jones bows his thanks, but

speaks never a word. This silence arises from the deep emotions that hold him in their strong clutch, and not from churlishness.

"And now," observes Mr. Hewes, who is thinking only of heaping a little extra honor on his young friend, "that we have a fully commissioned officer to perform the ceremony, suppose we make memorable the day by going down to the *Alfred* and 'breaking out' its pennant. Thus, almost with the breath in which we commission our first officer, we shall also have commissioned our first regular ship-of-war."

"Would it not be better," interposes Mr. Hancock, thinking a little anxiously on the possible anger of Mr. Adams, "to wait for the coming from Boston of Captain Saltonstall?"

Mr. Hewes thinks it would not. Since Mr. Hewes's manner in thus thinking is just a trifle iron-bound, not to

say acrid, Mr. Hancock decides that after all there may be more peril in waiting for Captain Saltonstall than in going forward with Lieutenant Jones. Whereupon, Mr. Hewes, Mr. Hancock and Lieutenant Jones push forth for the *Alfred*, which lies at the foot of Chestnut Street. In the main hall of Congress the three pick up Colonel Carroll, Mr. Jefferson, Mad Anthony



HOME OF WILLIAM PAUL, FREDERICKSBURG, WHERE JONES LIVED FOR MANY YEARS



JONES'S SWORD AND SCABBARD

Wayne, Mr. Livingston and Mr. Morris, who, regarding the event as the formal birth of the new navy, decide to go with them in the rôle of witnesses.

The flag is ready in the lockers of the *Alfred*—a pine-tree, a rattlesnake, and the words "*Don't Tread on Me.*" Lieut. Paul Jones shakes out the bunting, and then surveys the device with no favoring eye.

"I was always," observes Lieut. Paul Jones, looking at Mr. Hewes but speaking to all,—"*I was always curious to know by whose queer fancy that device was adopted. It is beyond me to fathom why or how a venomous serpent could be regarded as*

now and until the coming of Captain Saltonstall in command of the *Alfred*, remains aboard and takes up his duty as a regularly commissioned officer in the regular Navy of the Colonies.

## VI

## THE CRUISE OF THE PROVIDENCE

Four ships, the *Alfred*, Captain Saltonstall, in the van, Commodore Hopkins in command of the squadron, set sail on a rainy February day in 1776. They cleared Cape Henlopen on the 17th of that month,



JONES'S SEAT," OVERLOOKING THE RAPPAHANNOCK, WHERE JONES IS SAID TO HAVE COURTED A LADY OF FREDERICKSBURG

the emblem of a brave and honest people fighting to be free."

After delivering this opinion, which is tacitly agreed to by the others, the flag is bent on the halyards and "broken out" by Lieut. Paul Jones. Also, a ration of grog is issued to the crew—so far as the *Alfred* at that time is blessed with a crew—by way of fixing the momentous occasion in the fore-castle mind. The crew cheers; but whether the cheers are for the grog, or for Lieut. Paul Jones who orders it, or for the rattlesnake and pine-tree that cause the order, no one may say; and after the "breaking out," and the grog and the cheers, Mr. Hewes, Mr. Hancock and the statesmen with them retire—the day being cold—to the land, while Lieut. Paul Jones,

and turned their untried prows south by east half south. The fell purpose of Commodore Hopkins was to harry the Bahamas.

It is nowhere written that Commodore Hopkins in his designs upon the Bahamas in any degree succeeded. Eight weeks after they cleared, the four ships came scudding into New London, with the fear of death in their hearts, in terror of an English sloop-of-war which sprang upon them off the eastern end of Long Island.

Lieut. Paul Jones aboard the *Alfred* was afire with anger and chagrin at the miserable failure of the cruise, and came furiously ashore, nursing a purpose of charging both Commodore Hopkins and Captain Saltonstall with every maritime offense from sea-idiocy to cowardice. He was cooled off



SPOTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE, VIRGINIA, IN FRONT OF WHICH JONES ONCE FOUGHT A DUEL

by a letter from the older and more prudent Mr. Hewes. Also, Commodore Hopkins was summarily dismissed by Congress, while Captain Saltonstall was driven to take refuge behind his patron, Mr. Adams. Thus, that first luckless cruise of the infant navy, conceived in ignorance and in politics brought forth, found its dismal finale in investigations, votes of censure and dismissals, and went far to justify those December prophecies of Lieut. Paul Jones that Mr. Adams, by his selections for commodore and captains, had arranged for more courts-martial than victories.

It had one excellent result, however; it taught Congress to give Lieut. Paul Jones the sloop *Providence*, and send him to sea with a command of his own. With him went his faithful blacks, Scipio and Cato; also, as "port-fire," went a red Indian of the Narragansett tribe—Anthony Jeremiah of Martha's Vineyard.

The little sloop—about as big as a gentleman's yacht she was—cleared on a brilliant day in June, 1776, from Newport by way of New York. For weeks she ranged about from Newfoundland to the Bermudas—seas sown with English ships-of-war.

Boatswain Jack Robinson held this conversation with Polly, his wife, when the sloop got her anchors down in friendly Yankee mud again.

"And what did you do, Jack?" demands his Polly, now she has him safe and fast ashore.

"I'll tell you what he—that's the cap-

tain—does when first we puts to sea. He's only a leftenant—Leftenant Paul Jones; but he ought to be a captain, and so, d'y'e see, my girl, I'll call him captain. What does the captain do when once he's afloat? As sure as you're on my knee, Polly, no sooner be we off soundings than he passes the word for me to fetch the cat-o'-nine-tails aft—me being, as you know, bo'sen. Aft I tumbles, cat and all, trying to figger who's to get the dozen.

"Chuck it overboard, Jack," says he, like that.

"Chuck what, Capt'n?" says I, giving my forelock a tug.

"Chuck the cat," says he.

"The cat?" says I, being as you might say taken aback, and wondering is it rum.

"Ay! the cat," he says. Then looking me over with an eye like a coal, he goes on: 'I can keep order aboard my ship without the cat. Because why? Because I'm the best man aboard her,' he says. And there you be."

"And did the cat go overboard, Jack?"

"Overboard of course, Polly. And being nicely fitted with little knobs of lead on the nine tails of it, it hunts the bottom like a solid shot. And so, d'y'e see, we goes a-cruising without the cat."

"Did you take no prizes?"

"We sunk eight and sent eight more into Boston with prize-crews aboard of 'em. Good picking, too, they was."

"And you had no battles then?"

"No battles, Polly; and yet at the close of the cruise we're all but done for by a seventy-four-gun frigate off Montauk. The

captain merely twists us out from between the frigate's teeth by sheer seamanship."

"Now how was that, Jack?" cries Polly, breathless and all ears.

"We comes poking round the point, d'ye see, and runs blind into her. We beats to wind'ard; so does the frigate. And she lays as close to the wind as we—and closer, Polly. Just as she thinks she has only to reach out and snap us up, the captain—he has the wheel himself—wears suddenly round under easy helm, and gets the wind free. This sort o' takes the frigate, d'ye see, by surprise, and instead of wearing she starts to box about. She's standing as close-hauled as her trim will bear at the time. So, as I says, as we wears round, the frigate jams her helm down and luffs into the face of the gale. There's a squall cat's-pawing to wind'ard that she ought to have seen, and would if she'd been officered by our captain. But she never sees it. So, d'ye see, my girl, the frigate don't hold her luff; and next she loses her steering-way, gets took aback, and we sway, showing a clean pair of heels, on the sloop's best point of sailing. And so we leaves the frigate to clear her sheets and reeve preventers at her leisure—and we snapping muskets at her from our taffer-rail by way of insult, Polly."

"Your captain's too daring, Jack," says Polly, being a prudent woman.

"That's what I tells him, Polly. 'Capt'n,' says I, 'discretion is the better part of valor.' At that he gives me a wink. 'So it is, my mate,' says he, 'and damned impudence is the better part of discretion. And now,' says he, 'the frigate being all but hull down astern, you may take this wheel yourself while I goes down to supper.'"

When Lieut. Paul Jones was again on dry land, he found two pieces of news

awaiting him. One was a letter from Mr. Jefferson, enclosing his commission as a captain fully fledged. The other was old Duncan Macbean, whose sunken cheek and leaden eye told of troubles on the far-off Rappahannock.

"It was Lord Dunmore," quoth old Duncan, very pale, his voice aquaver. "He had heard of you among the ships, and wanted revenge."

"And the villain took it!"

"Ay, he took it in a manner of speaking! He burned mansion, barn and flour-mill—every building's gone, and never stick nor stone to stand one atop t'ither on the whole plantation."

"What else?"

"He killed sheep and swine and cattle, and drove away the horses—there's not the hoof left walking about the place. Nothing but the bare, stripped land is left ye."

"But the slaves?"

"His lordship took them too, to sell them in Jamaica."

Capt. Paul Jones turned pale as linen three times bleached. His eyes were hard as jade.

Then he threw up his hand with a motion of sorrow.

"My poor blacks!" he cried. "The plantation was to them a home, not a place of bondage. Now they are torn away to die of pestilence or under the lash in the cane-fields of Jamaica, and the price of their poor bodies will swell the pockets of

English slave-traders. This may be Lord Dunmore's notion of civilized war. For all that, I shall one day exact a reckoning." Then, resting his hand on old Duncan's shoulder: "However, we have seen worse campaigns, old friend. We'll do well yet. I have still one fortune—my sword; still one prospect—the prospect of laying alongside the enemy."



GRAVE OF JONES'S BROTHER, ST. GEORGE'S CHURCHYARD, FREDERICKSBURG

(To be continued)



GERALDINE FARRAR

## Little Worries of European Theater-Going

BY ALAN DALE

**I**T is the pin-pricks and the worrietas—or little worries—of life that count. The big things that you know of, and reckon upon, and prepare for, and discount, are always tolerable. The huge expenses of life in New York seem formidable to the uninitiated foreigner; but it is the constant dribble-dribble of small sums, the incessant disbursement of petty copper "tips," that makes European affairs so irritating and incomprehensible to the American.

These little remarks are destined to preface an uncontrollable whine of agony at the difficulties and annoyances inseparable from European theater-going. I have just reached England after a kaleidoscopic siege

of theaters in Naples, Rome, Florence, Milan and Paris. The sum-total of the money I have expended for theatrical accommodation is considerably less than it would have been had I done a similar round of alleged jollification in New York city. The pecuniary tax is possibly about half what it would have been in Manhattan.

But, ye gods and little fishes! as I think of the perplexities and complications, the irritations, the nerve-wear and the heartburns that I have endured, I have no hesitation in saying that the New York system of demanding your pocket-book at one fell swoop is much kinder, more merciful and far less exacting than the European system of asking a little, but asking it in a dozen different ways, at a dozen different times, with a dozen different excuses.

I always like to know the worst at once. A quick method of putting a fellow out of his misery is assuredly the most humane. Thousands of New Yorkers rebel at the heavy percentage they pay for purchasing theater-seats at the hotels. They go to a hostelry, ask for the best (which has been carefully sent there, to the detriment of the box-office purchaser), and secure it for—let us say, two dollars and a half. It is

and then comes the agony. The aim and object of theater-going on the European Continent seems to be to worry a fellow into all the agonies of petty-cash. My wail on the Parisian idea is not new, for I have been victimized each and every time I have visited the French metropolis. It is inconceivable that a nation with the artistic traditions of the French should voluntarily put up with the odious system current at the theaters.

My unbiased opinion is that the greatest histrionic possibilities on earth—they assuredly exist with the French—are marred hopelessly by the dishonest, the slovenly, the discourteous, the distrustful, the bleeding accessories to French theater-going. One does not go at a moment's notice, and unprepared, to a theater in Paris. It is something to think of a week ahead, to dread, and to try and tolerate. One needs patience, courage, *sang-froid*, and—Christian Science. The theories of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy are exceedingly valuable as a preliminary to French theater-going. One has to believe that in reality there is no evil—and then cope with it, if possible.

The other night I went to the Gymnase—a decayed old barrack that has seen very many better days.

There was a new play on, called "Ces Messieurs," which it is not my province to discuss in this article. Being initiated in the harrowing horrors of French theater-going, I was quite prepared for the worst. I had no illusions. I had made up my mind to buy a seat for five or six francs and hope for the best.

There was a horrid person in the box-office—one of those premeditatedly and



FLORENCE PRINCE

a lot of money to pay out, of course—for a bad show; it is even an impudent imposition when the advertised box-office price of the seat is considered. There is ample ground for protest, and every peg upon which to hang a howl. But—oh, mark this, prithee, gentle friend—the expenses of the purchaser are then ended.

On the European Continent it is exceedingly otherwise. The ticket is bought



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LILLIAN BLAUVELT

*Photograph by Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.*

obtrusively "civil" people that make rank and ostentatious incivility seem like a blessing. I asked for a seat for five or six francs. He recommended one for seven. He said it was admirable, and that if I wanted to slip out (I always do; I love to slip out) I should not be worried. I bought

the seat, and tried to believe all that I had been told.

I drifted up to the second balcony and met the usual detestable old harpy—of the feminine persuasion—who shows you to your seat. Without her you cannot get to it, for the doors are locked. She drew



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PHYLLIS SAWYER

near to me with a sickening smile of syco-phantic expectation.

"*Mes petits bénéfices!*" she exclaimed, making a trough of her hand, and thrusting it in my face, before she had attempted to open the door.

"My seat first," I said promptly, showing my ticket.

She looked at me as though she would have liked to smite me on each cheek, and then slowly unlocked the door. I saw two tightly compressed rows of shabby, verminiferous, baked-velvet seats. To reach mine, six ladies and five gentlemen would have had to stand up. There was a vacant seat at the back of the second row, and I took it. The harpy let me take it. I gave

her half a franc. I discovered that her kindly mood was due to the fact that my seat cost seven francs, and I had elected to sit in one that cost six.

There was no program. I can't do without a program. I like to know the name of the playwright and the cast. So I went out and begged the harpy for a program. She told me that she had none, but that during the performance the program-boy would come up and I could buy one. She took my hat and cane from my hand before I could say "Knife!" and sent me back, unprogrammed, to the stuffy, verminiferous, baked-velvet seat!

I sat through the first act like an idiot. I knew the name of the play and nothing more.

There was no program. At the close of the act, I determined to sally forth and buy one. The harpy condescended to give me my hat and cane, for another half franc, and I went out—out into the night. Two lots of programs were being sold.

and sworn that I should never be caught again.

Inside the Gymnase, I purchased the real program for fifty centimes, gave up my hat and cane again, allowed the harpy to reopen the door, and sat down, flushed,



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MAUD FEALY

Being a "furriner," naturally I bought the wrong one first. I got it on the boulevard, outside the theater, for six cents, and then discovered that it was unofficial and not to be trusted. It was all the more annoying because I had done the same thing last year,

tired and disgusted. Every time I budged, that hateful old woman was at my elbow. Throughout the performance the chink of copper money was heard, as victims gave up to these petty demands.

The best of it all is that even the

Parisians admit the loathsome discomfort of the system. They are helpless. French managers either cannot, or will not, pay their own employees. You have to do it.

New York theaters may be expensive, but they are not harassing. It is a question of one big expenditure and not of half a dozen trivial ones. Mendicancy is the prevailing feature of the Continental playhouses. The managers turn loose upon you a horde of importunate beggars, and it distresses your soul.

In Rome, there is a law pasted up in the lobby of every theater announcing the illegality of taking a cane or umbrella into the auditorium. The tax for these commodities is stipulated. You leave your cane with a perfect lady for one cent, you check your umbrella for two cents; if you don't care to swelter in your overcoat—which you are entitled to do without fine—you can give it up for three cents. Tiny outlays, of course! They interfere, however, with your peace of mind. You are perpetually changing money. The sordid details of life are forever with you—like the poor. Impossible to avoid dipping into your pocket.

Even in London the program nuisance is prevalent. You arrive, and a polite lady shows you to your seat. She asks, in dulcet, refined tones, if you think you would like a program—as though a performance were any earthly good without one. You tell her recklessly that you must have

a program, whereupon she says "Sixpence, please!" Perhaps the act is on, and the house is dark. You fish up a gold piece (if you have just arrived in Europe, and possess one), and in the dark it feels like sixpence. She "makes change," much to the annoyance of the audience; and then, after you have rendered yourself a nuisance, you are able to know what you are going to see. I call it ghastly and wicked and extortionate.

Fortunately, it is only in the best theaters

in Italy that you are made uncomfortable. The smaller playhouses, where excellent drama is given, are inexpensive, and without tax. In no playhouses in Europe have I sampled more informality, comfort and good cheer than in Italy. I want to pay a tribute to the ease and grace of Italian theater-going, as a general thing. Just the same, in the higher-priced houses you have your troubles, though they are small compared

with those of Paris.

Paris, I feel, has succeeded in making theater-going positively objectionable. It is reaping the reward of its own folly. In no city is there such a plethora of deadheads. In no capital are the leading actors and actresses paid so persistently to visit foreign countries. French art is a lovely thing, and French histrionism very pleasant. But Parisian theaters are as bad as a plague. They are disgusting excuses for indiscriminate mendicancy and a display of untrammelled cupidity.



Photograph by Hall's Studio

MABEL ROWLAND



DOG CATCHING HOUSEBREAKERS IN THE STREETS OF BRUSSELS

## Four-Footed Policemen

Use of the Dog as a limb of the law in Belgium

BY J. E. WHITBY

**I**T seems probable that a great career is open to the dog as a policeman, for the experiments made in this direction with him in Belgium have been most satisfactory.

Adopted originally at Ghent, where a canal-threaded district, docks and outlying market-gardens offered dishonesty a constant temptation, success has carried the idea to other towns, until now Brussels has by far the largest brigade of these strange police officers.

This division of the police force has nothing to do with the national government; it is entirely under municipal control, and depends solely on the will of each commune.

The parish of St. Gilles, Brussels, covers two hundred and six hectares and contains large, handsome houses; but it being a new suburb, there are, besides a park, much waste land and many unfinished

buildings, and these afford fine refuges for malefactors. The staff of dog police is under the management of Commissaire Coene. The commune provides him with a house rent-free, attached to which is a garden with kennels, and pays eight cents a day for the keep of each dog, with three dollars and a half a month for other expenses.

A visit to M. Coene's kennels brought a chorus of barks from twelve dogs of the Belgian sheepdog breed; these being, moreover, of the species with long black coats. They are fine, handsome, intelligent animals, with the alert look which their calling demands. Each dog had a small run to himself, while one or two nursing mothers, sheltered apart, were beaming happily over tangled heaps of warm, snuggling puppies—little policelets, if the term may be allowed.

At the age of three months, the young police dog goes to a sort of preparatory school, though it is probable that the older



SATAN, PRIDE OF THE BELGIAN DOG-POLICE

dogs have already, in their mysterious way of conversing, imparted valuable secrets. Some forward animals finish their education at one year old, but their keeper prefers to complete their lessons at two years of age. By that time the dogs have come to years of discretion, so to speak, and are much less likely to be led away by their emotions—a matter that requires consideration when it is a question of severely biting the quarry or not. Three months is all that is required to teach the aspirant to enrolment among the regulars everything that is necessary, and, having passed a medical examination, he is duly qualified to take his place as Policeman A or B.

Each dog is assigned to a particular police officer; but, though he, of course, knows and obeys all the members of his brigade as a good companion should, he yet remains more particularly the dog of his master. Work begins with the dark, the dogs accompanying on their rounds those men whose duties lead them into lonely places, past empty houses or anywhere where rascals may lurk. They are out for a certain number of hours, and thor-

oughly enjoy their profession. The dog is eminently a sporting animal, and when he has once learned that his quarry is the human being who is generally dirty and ragged, that intelligent creature, who is, by the way, almost invariably an aristocrat, preferring purple and fine linen, enters thoroughly into the game, and hunts the burglar and the thief with zest. It must detract from his pleasure somewhat that he is generally muzzled, but this is mainly in order that he shall not eat poisoned bait, and he is able not only to pin his man, but to get in satisfactory if not very serious bites, a fact which has a most deterrent effect on bad characters. In Germany, where dogs as policemen have just been officially instituted, they are not muzzled, and those officials in Belgium who have studied the question think this will lead to difficulties; but the German is law-abiding, and if a thief is bitten by order of the State, even when

only taken up on suspicion, he will probably not make serious objection.

In Ghent the dogs are provided with water-proof coats and quite a little harness. There, too, the dogs are of various breeds of sheepdog. Nothing gives a better idea of how the dogs work than to join in one of the rehearsals which are held every winter evening just as daylight fades in the park of St. Gilles close to the commissaire's house. The ground is rather wild and well bushed, and, standing on one side of a hill opposite a thickly wooded bank, one can watch the approach of a policeman advancing as if on his nightly rounds. Often he has the dog on a chain, which can be instantly released. Intuition, or a slight rustle in the bushes, sets the man's suspicions alight, and he instantly frees the chain, with the short command, "Seek." There is a dash, a sharp barking (with which the dogs are trained to let their masters know that they have "found"), a hidden scuffle, in which there seems much dog-kicking in an effort to break through the thicket on the opposite side, and a villainous-looking ragamuffin rushes

out, only to be seized again and brought to the ground by the dog, who is evidently thoroughly enjoying himself and who releases him to the constable with every regret. The prisoner is marched off to the police station, the dog herding him exactly as he would a flock of sheep, and making very threatening springs at every attempt to escape. Handcuffed, he endeavors to get in as many kicks at the dog on the way as possible, but the latter, trotting along with the proud air of having done his duty, takes little heed. A point to which the commissaire draws special attention is that the clever animals recognize the ruffian whom they are hunting, and it serves but little for such a man to endeavor by mixing with others to shake off his canine enemy. An example of the manner in which a dog will work when two or more burglars attack his master is given, each approach of the dog being received with vicious kicks, while it was evident that the single policeman was being overpowered. But he contrived to blow his horn, and an answering sound brought promise of help. Before, however, the slower human beings could cover the distance, two police dogs, sent on by their masters making rounds in the neighborhood, rushed on the scene, tearing straight across country, and gave just the extra help needed to secure the band. It may be mentioned that these rehearsals take place every day so as to keep the dogs in good practice, and that the part of rascals is played by disguised police officers, which proves that, despite their attachment to comrades, they will attack even a familiar friend when ordered by their master. The order to "Seek" when passing a newly built house will send the four-footed little policeman on a voyage of discovery which leaves not an inch unexplored. The dogs are taught to jump walls, to scale hoardings, to swim rivers, and one of these clever beasts will even climb a ladder to examine whether there are no lurkers on scaffoldings, etc.

When off the leash, the dog seldom goes



A POLICE DOG SAVING HIS MASTER FROM ASSAULT

far from the constable on duty except when ordered, and one of his specially useful talents is that, should his master be injured or overpowered, he will rush off to the police station and by barking give notice that something is wrong, leading assistance back to the right spot.

Also, when, as often happens, burglars throw away or relinquish their booty, the dog will quietly wait beside it until his master returns, thus getting over a difficulty which is more often met by policemen than may be imagined. The fear with which burglars and thieves of all kinds regard these new members of the police force can easily be understood, as they dread being bitten more than any punishment. A curious fact in connection with the story of these dogs is that they seem to remember perfectly well any criminal whom they may once have caught, and frequently a constable with his dog has been induced by an angry growl on the part of his trusty friend to examine with particular attention the faces of an apparently peaceable group of citizens, only to behold among them some well-

known bad character, who is at that very moment probably "wanted" again.

Quite recently there was a burglary in the Avenue Brugmann, one of the leading arteries of the city, and while it was known that the thief was still on the premises, he could not be found. The policeman sounded the horn for a dog known to be on a certain round some quarter of a mile away. Arriving, the dog ran hither and thither like a flash, and finally located his man crouched under such a small bush in the back garden that the constable had never thought of examining it.

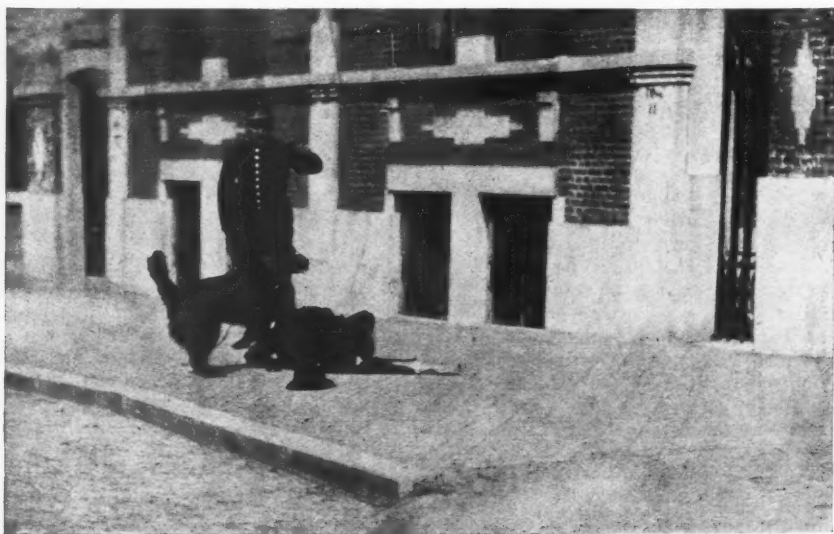
Though not quite so successful, another dog did his best with a gang of burglars who, the alarm being given, barricaded themselves with furniture in an attic, while they broke through the roof. The door was so wedged with heavy things that it was eventually only the dog who could squeeze through, and he, mounting on the bed as they had done and springing, managed to reach the roof, too, where he chased them along the roofs, to the high delight of the crowd below, whose eyes were turned with great anxiety on the plucky animal as he ran along the coping. The thieves reached an empty house, dropped through a skylight, which they closed, and the dog, with most dejected

air like some defeated general, returned to his master.

It may be interesting to mention that formerly these dogs were fed on soup made from fresh meat in which vegetables were boiled, the biscuits alone being found rather dry. The commissaire now feeds them on a certain sort of Belgian dog-biscuit which he declares more moist, and which contains the necessary farinaceous food and phosphates. It has, however, the disadvantage, for exportation, of keeping only fourteen days after it is made.

There is no doubt that these police dogs are an immense support and help to the Belgian police in outlying and rural districts, and where the communes have taken up the idea the crime with which they deal is said to have diminished two-thirds.

The success of the Belgian dog-police is being watched attentively by the guardians of public safety in other countries. While there are many objections to it in the minds of some officials, especially in regard to the injury that might be inflicted by the dogs' teeth, there are at the same time to be recognized the possible advantages of its use in lonely suburban districts where the police force is small, and the number of footpads and tramps, whose fear of the dog is proverbial, proportionately great.



PINNING A BURGLAR TO THE GROUND



FREIGHT-TEAM APPROACHING GOLDFIELD

## Gold of the Burning Desert

Quick Riches Wrested from the Dead Gulches of Bullfrog, Goldfield and Tonopah in the Arid Wastes of Nevada

BY WINIFRED BLACK

*DECADES ago a few hardy men tempted the horrors of Death Valley in quest of gold. To-day the railroad and the automobile have shorn the dreaded region of many of its terrors, and venturesome men and women of all nationalities have been flocking for months to the desert country contiguous to the famous Death Valley to pick up the gold that abounds there.*

*As if bidden by the stroke of the proverbial magician's wand, houses sprang up, mushroom-like, until the desert was dotted with towns all flourishing and boasting modern improvements.*

*Bullfrog, Goldfield and Tonopah stand to-day tangible witnesses of the golden riches yielded up to daring souls by this arid Eldorado.*

—Editor's Note.

**T**HE story of the lost Breyfogle mine and that of Peg-leg Smith's bonanza have been told around camp-fires of the West for the last twenty years, and men old in adventure and hardened to desperate chances have shuddered at the very name of Death Valley. And now the veriest tenderfoot can buy a ticket straight through from San Francisco to Death Valley's very heart, and he can go part of the way

in a railroad-train and part of it by automobile.

One of the up-to-date Argonauts opened up the Bullfrog country one amazing night of astounding strikes, and in three weeks he was digging post-holes for a telephone line seventy miles across the desert. It cost him four dollars a pole for the freight alone, but he put up the line notwithstanding, and the first "Hello, Bullfrog," was spoken when there were not fifteen persons in the camp.

The camp of Bullfrog had been a camp

for just three months when it had a fifty-thousand-dollar water-system, a hotel with forty rooms and seven private baths, an electric-light plant, an ice-plant, an active and aggressive board of health, two banks and some seven or ten thousand inhabitants.

Seventy miles west of Bullfrog is Goldfield, an ancient and honorable camp of nearly a year's history, and a city now. Goldfield has five banks, five hotels, a Turkish-bath establishment, an ice-plant,

wheezy, fussy, nervous, tired-to-death, little, narrow-gage railroad it is, to be sure, but still a railroad; and you can get as good broiled steak and mushrooms, and brook trout, and ducks in season—cooked as ducks in season should be cooked—as you can get in New York city. The waiter, it is true, will be likely to become confidential and advise you about the best stocks to buy—he may offer you some very choice blocks of stock himself, if he happens to like your looks—and the cook is quite apt



*Drawn by Maynard Dixon*

ORE-MILL AT GOLDFIELD

a florist's shop, two daily papers, telephones (local and long-distance), two hospitals, a jail, good restaurants (one of them a twelve-thousand-dollar affair with the string-orchestra habit), a street-cleaning committee, a board of health, and a post-office that sells more stamps in a week than the city of Sacramento does in two weeks.

Tonopah, the pioneer camp, is as a sort of ancient Babylon in this country of cities that spring up in a day. It has existed for nearly four years, has Tonopah, and there is a railroad leading straight into it. A

to come in, lean his elbows on the table, and ask you, on the quiet, whether you think that Ryolite, the new camp, is going to be any good or not. But so much the better. You might as well get used to the democratic way of doing things in the desert camps.

The man across the table, in the soiled overalls and the flannel shirt, is as likely as not to be a millionaire; and the young fellow beside him, in brand-new khaki, with the shiny yellow laced boots and the immaculate Stetson, is doubtless one of



MAIN STREET, GOLDFIELD, AT THE PRESENT DAY

his clerks, just out of a mining-school and willing to do any kind of work for a chance at some of Aladdin's treasure.

There is no class and no distinction of class among the multitude that has followed the arch of the rainbow, over the mountains, out, out, out into the burning desert, looking for the pot of gold at the end of the bow. They come from everywhere on the round earth, and they wear all kinds of clothes and speak all kinds of language.

But they are brothers and sisters all, in the masonry of the rainbow order. The haughtiest woman in the community will stop to listen to the words that fall from the lips of the woman whose pink

wrapper flutters in the ever-blowing breeze, so be it the tale she tells concerns strikes or leads; and the banker who does not rub absolutely equal elbows with his neighbor and good friend the day-laborer must be a recluse, and a hater of his kind.

Threesounds assail the ear of the stranger in the rainbow country from the first gray of the startled desert dawn to the pink of the morning after—the wild wind calling from the smitten desert, the rattle of the roulette-wheel and the high-pitched voices of excited men talking.

In Tonopah I saw a man walk into the office of the automobile company which runs the auto stage to Goldfield.



Drawn by Maynard Dixon

JANUARY JONES, ONE OF THE NEW MILLIONAIRES

"I won't take that seat, after all," he said. "Can I get my money back?"

"I'm sorry," said the automobile man, "but it's against the rule."

"Pshaw!" said the man, "that's too bad! I was waiting for you to start, and got to betting a little and lost the last cent I had."

He had "dropped" ten thousand dollars.

But the automobile was ready to start, and in he climbed, and as they made their way toward the desert the man who was broke but was going to start again in Gold-field was laughing as cheerfully as the richest traveler aboard.

Tonopah lies in a little scooped hollow between the hills; and it sprawls out in the blinking desert sunshine like some predatory cat resting after a night of forage and affray. It is built for the most part of thin board shacks, but here and there is a hut made of bottles or tin cans elaborately painted in gay colors and shining affrontingly in the desert glare. The streets wander over gullies and up the shambling sides of little hills and down the shuffling hollows, where the wind has fancied a play-spot. There are neat board sidewalks, and there is no refuse lying about. For the board of health is a strenuous body of men, and no citizen cares to provoke a discussion with any member of it; hence the speckless

cleanliness of the strange, helter-skelter, hit-or-miss place.

"Lodgings here fifty cents a night," says a huge sign swinging from a tiny tent not big enough to hide a midget comfortably. "Board and Rooms," announces another sign hanging over a shack at whose doorsill a man of medium height would have to stoop before entering. "Public Stenographer," declares a placard on a tiny dugout in the side of a steep hill, and inside the dugout there are glimpses of the public stenographer herself, very trig and trim indeed, sweeping out the dugout and dusting the typewriter which stands inside the door.

In the lower part of the town, near the tracks, are the corrals, and it is from that region that the prospectors start out into the desert. I saw two strapping young fellows riding out of town on wiry little cow-ponies. Each man drove before him a burro loaded with camp paraphernalia, the frying-pan strapped on the very top of the load. A woman in a sky-blue tea-gown stood in the door of her tent tuning a banjo and trying the cords.

"Hello, Jack," she cried, catching sight of the adventurers as they fared down the steep road past her tent door. "Remember me when you make that strike." "Jack"



TYPICAL DUGOUTS IN THE DESERT GOLD-FIELDS



*Drawn by Maynard Dixon*

THE OLD AND THE NEW. A PASSING IN THE DESERT

turned in his saddle, doffed his broad hat in an ironical salute, smiled with a flash of white teeth in a sunburnt face, and cried gaily, "That's what I will, Pearlie," and was off in a slow-rising cloud of white alkali.

Women there are in plenty, all kinds of them, from the little Boston bride who is trying her best not to let her husband know how desperately homesick she is, to the elderly widow from Nebraska who has come to make her fortune selling home-made pies and shortcakes.

Nearly every other house in the place is a saloon or contains a gambling-room, but I did not hear any sound of carousing, nor did I see a really drunken man during the three days I spent in Tonopah. But I did see gambling.

All night long and all day long the rattle of the roulette-wheel cries in the aching ear, and the raucous whoops of the crap-players float in through the open door. When the swinging screen swings wide enough, the curious passer-by can always see the little green table with the dealer sitting like a wooden man on one side and the men who

are "bucking the tiger" standing or sitting opposite him.

I saw a man lose thirty-five thousand dollars at one of these little green tables in two hours, and not one muscle of his face changed during the operation. Beside him sat, first, an old man, red-faced, blear-eyed, shaky-fingered; then a white-faced boy with desperate eyes, then a giant in overalls and flannel shirt with a roll of bills as big as my fist; then a tramp in rags; then a man who looked like a prosperous lawyer.

All these persons had evidently a limit beyond which they could not or did not play, but the man who was losing never looked up. When his last twenty-dollar gold piece was gone, he yawned a little, stretched his great arms, laughed sheepishly and swung out into the Tonopah night, all moonshine and alkali and disjointed fragments of raucous-voiced songs, and disappeared.

I heard next day that he had struck it rich three weeks before, sold his claim for sixty thousand dollars, gambled every dollar of it away, and was off before we, who watched his money slip over the table, had fairly caught a composed breath again.

The purple-pink mountains surround Tonopah like so many curious unreal painted bits of theatrical scenery, and the moon rises thin and white and wafer-like, in the strange white desert-sky, like the paper moon we see at the theaters or the white wax moon of Japanese art.

The desert is gold by day and silver by night, and from the edge of it comes the aromatic odor of the sage-brush, and from the heart of it the wild wind cries and moans and calls, and threatens and begs and shouts and signals like some wild spirit of the place, fretted by the near presence of mankind. Wherever you are, whatever you do, howsoever you try to hide yourself behind shut doors and closed windows, the wild wind will not let you forget that outside of the garish, feverish town lies the painted desert, waiting, waiting; and when you have been there a day or so, the cry of the wind gets into your blood and you answer the call and go out into the desert too.

"Six dollars a head to Goldfield and twenty-five to Bullfrog, and two hundred passengers a day. Say, how much did you fellows pay for this road anyway?" asked the man on the back seat of the superintendent of the automobile stage line.

"Twenty-four hundred dollars."

The man on the seat gasped. "And I'm trying to make money out of a hole in the ground," he said.

"Just so," said the superintendent, climbing in.

"Teuf! teuf!" and we were off—off into the silvery greenish desert. There was

a freight-train with twenty horses crawling along the sky-line. It will take them three days, and we will get to Goldfield in an hour and a half.

A tent-city rises out of the alkali and a man runs out to register us as we pass Diamondfield. Diamondfield is the camp founded by "Diamondfield Jack," the man who was convicted of murder in Idaho, then pardoned out of penitentiary by the efforts of a lawyer who believed him innocent of this particular murder, though he had a career of wild days behind him.

This lawyer grub-staked Diamondfield Jack to a burro and a month's food, put his hand on his shoulder, asked the God of the friendless and the evilly used to stand by him, and sent him out of his sight and his memory as one sends a stray dog into the night after giving him a bone and patting him on his shaggy head.

Diamondfield Jack went straight into the gleaming silver of the desert—and found gold, rich, crumbling placer-gold, and—be it stated



A NEW STRIKE

for the benefit of all skeptics—he sent the lawyer who had given him a chance for his life shares enough in the mines he found to keep him rich the rest of his days.

"Here is the Joshua country," next called out the man in the back seat; and sure enough it was the Joshua country, for there stood the Joshua-trees, hateful, threatening, misshapen things. A cross between a stunted, ill-natured palm and a cactus, they stand in twisted attitudes with their huge fists of spines raised in the very face of Heaven, as if daring the lightning itself

to strike the rocks below them and discover the treasures hidden there.

Then Goldfield! There it lay before us, the town that sprang out of nowhere in no time. An hour and a half for the thirty miles; not much of a record-breaker in runs, from the viewpoint of a touring-car, of course, but quite a little faster than poor Peg-leg Smith went when he journeyed into the desert to lose his famous mine and go mad hunting for it some twenty-odd years ago.

We dined that night at The Palm, Goldfield's famous restaurant, and a sad-eyed violinist accompanied a very well-cooked meal with the strains of "The violets I plucked from mother's grave," and like cheerful and inspiring melodies, which seem to haunt the light-hearted seekers for the golden fleece like a kind of opiated conscience.

At a table near us sat a young man of twenty-seven with the cold eyes and wooden face of a typical gambler. He had come to the gold-fields three little years ago with just fifty dollars, which had been furnished him by a United States Senator who did not wish to see a friend of his lighter hours go actually hungry. With this historical fifty dollars the young man ventured so profitably that he has made an income of four hundred thousand dollars out of the gambling-house he owns, and he could sell out to-day for something like three million dollars. Near him dined the "Bullfrog king," the man who built Bullfrog, who had come to Tonopah "broke" some three years ago.

In the street that passed the restaurant I saw an Indian squaw who had just sold a little claim of her own for five thousand dollars. She wore a red blanket, but was directing her somewhat pigeon-toed footsteps toward the smartest millinery-shop in town, and she carried in her brown hand a parasol that for gorgeous color would make a peony turn green with envy.

Right behind the Piute squaw trudged a great gaunt woman with the yellow-white hair and blue eyes of the Scandinavian. She was about forty years old, and over a bedraggled calico skirt she wore a sealskin coat that never cost less than four hundred dollars in whatever market it was bargained for. And the great pale lappets of her generous ears were hung with diamonds that would grace the coronet of a duchess. Her hat was of some heavy expensive

beaver, somewhat wintry for the yellow sunlight of the desert, but it was brave with a wondrous plume that must have been marvelously beautiful before the rain and the alkali had conspired against its fair aspect.

"Going to the post-office," said the chronicler of the camp. "She's there every day. She made some pie a young fellow that boarded with her liked, and he married her. I guess he wasn't sober. He made a strike the other week or so, and sent down to San Francisco and bought the glad rags she's got on. Then he skipped out. She thinks he's coming back again and she's always expecting a letter telling her when to look for him."

The glint of the rainbow didn't seem to penetrate the alkali-streaked windows of the post-office. The men who stood in line for news from home did not look as if they felt quite so much like Midas in overalls as did the eager listeners who hearkened hungrily when the speculators spoke, each in his hypnotic tongue.

Millions came and went, fortunes were made and lost, again men starved and then feasted to a luxuriant death, the whole world swam and splashed and was cradled in a vast wash of glittering gold, and the men who told these things were some of them well-fed and some of them half-starved, and some were old and overwise and some were young and over-foolish, but for the moment that they were talking they all believed every wild extravagance they told, as a madman believes the weird fictions of his brain.

"This is the place for the man that's broke," said January Jones, a man who has been broke himself and who is a millionaire at present.

"A man with a little capital can be a Croesus here in a few weeks," said Diamondfield Jack, with perhaps a sidling memory of the little capital that started him not so many desperate months ago.

"It all depends on the man," said the Bullfrog king. "If he's a hustler, he'll do well here. If he isn't—well, he might as well stay at home and be hustled."

The wind sank its calling to a croon, and the white moon rose behind a strange pointed peak, streaked even in the moonlight with weird color.

"That peak is made of canvas," murmured the artist who stood in the white

light making sketches. "I know it will disappear before I can get it worked into the background, and the village maidens will come tripping in with wreaths and garlands and things, all innocent of Fra Diavolo's dire approach."

"Fra Diavolo?" said January Jones, looking over the artist's shoulder no longer, his eye lit up with eager interest. "Is that the name of a new strike?"

We walked up a straggling street under the brow of the pointed peak and watched the shadows before the tent doors. A strapping young fellow, so alive in every muscle that he walked as if he were keeping step to some gay tune, strode down the white road toward the street of dance-halls. An automobile whizzed by, and the woman in it sang with her fresh young voice in the desert night the song of the homesick and heart-hungry, "The sun shines bright on the old Kentucky shore."

"Say," said the artist, folding his sketch-book, "let's go home to the sane folks' country."

And so we left the wild wind and the whirling alkali and the stricken Joshua-trees and the gold and the eager-eyed men and the wistful-faced women, and came over the slope of the mountains down into the plain every-day country of plain every-day people, where there are no Aladdin's caves to be found for the digging and where we see things in the strong clear light of the sun and not in the glimmering sheen of the rainbow. All that we had seen up there in the desert may in a year's time shift and change and fade, as the mirage, bred in the heat and silence, shifts and fades.

The great mines may turn out to be mere promises which will never come true, and thousands of broken-spirited dreamers may wander down, dazed and broken, into the plain world again. But in all the fulness of faith, I am going to buy a brand-new atlas ten years from now, just to see how easy it was to wipe the Great American Desert off the map when the Great American Hustler made up his amazing mind to go to work and do it.



## The Prospector

BY HELEN A. SAXON

LURED by the golden glamour of the West,  
 He crossed the pathless plains and scaled the bold  
 Titanic forms that, rising fold on fold,  
 Touch heaven's blue; and toiling, strove to wrest  
 From Nature's rugged and reluctant breast  
 The treasure she hath hoarded there of old—  
 The treasure of her yellow, gleaming gold,  
 Sole object of his burning hope and quest.

For this he left all other hopes behind  
 And gave his manhood's prime and powers away,  
 Content to be forgotten of his kind—  
 Yet all the while within himself there lay  
 The unregarded treasures of the mind,  
 Deep-buried, priceless, wasting day by day.



*Drawn by R. Dirks*

DID THE LIGHTS GO OUT,  
OR HAD THERE BEEN  
AN EARTHQUAKE? POOR,  
BEWILDERED JABLIN-  
OWSKY COULD NOT RE-  
MEMBER

## Jablinowsky

A Characteristic Tale of the New York Ghetto

BY BRUNO LESSING

*Author of "Children of Men"*

**I**N the beginning, or, as Natzi explained it, "in der commencement," it was all the fault of Sinkovitch. You see, Sinkovitch had made his little fortune and had moved out of the Ghetto to more pretentious surroundings and, in the heyday of his prosperity, had sent his wife and children abroad to visit their folks and friends in Poland. After bidding them farewell and watching the steamer vanish into a blur of haze far down the bay and drying his tears, he discovered that his footsteps had led him almost unconsciously to Natzi's café, the haunt of his early days. In those early days Sinkovitch's transactions in this café had been confined to the consumption of five cents' worth of coffee and a four- or five-hour discussion with his cronies. His cronies, he found on this day, were still there—a little the worse for the

wear of time and poverty, but, after all, the same human Russians and Poles with whom he had crossed the sea to seek liberty and fortune in this land.

Jablinowsky, the tailor, was there, and Sorkin, and Miloffsky the butcher, as well as Miloffsky the milkman, Abramowitch, Cohen and a dozen others, all of whom had been his intimates in those early days.

They had all found liberty in this new land; he alone, of all that shipload, had found fortune. And now, almost without knowing it, he found himself once more within those familiar walls, the recipient of many oily smiles and ingratiating smirks, such as invariably greet the rich, bowing to right and to left, shaking hands, receiving congratulations with utmost complacency, his vanity flattered, his heart touched. With all those envious eyes upon him, he felt, for the first time, the full significance of his achievement. He also felt the full

importance of Sinkovitch. And—*noblesse oblige!*

"Natzi," he cried, in his most impressive tone, "I have sent my family to Europe today—first cabin. I have taken this day for a holiday. I am with the friends of my boyhood. Let us celebrate. Go out and get a bottle of champagne for everybody."

He spoke in Yiddish and everyone heard. There was a long silence; the words were sinking deep. The spell was broken by a sudden choking sound caused by Jablinowsky trying to swallow a cup of hot coffee with one gulp—to get it out of the way before this new beverage appeared—and then a brisk murmur arose, a murmur so laden with admiration, joy and envy that Sinkovitch's heart expanded. Natzi came to his side and whispered:

"French champagne costs four dollars a bottle and American champagne costs two dollars. Which shall I get?"

Sinkovitch drew himself to his full height and, carefully balancing a pair of eyeglasses upon his sturdy nose, gazed long and contemptuously at Natzi. Then, in lively English, he answered:

"French champagne? Em I a Frencher? Iss diss a French country? Vot? Sa-a-ay! I am a American unt American tchampagne iss vot all der American chentlemens drink! Iss it not or ain'd it?"

He gazed inquiringly around the room. Every man was nodding eagerly.

"Sure," they cried, "American tchampagne for der Americans."

Natzi, crushed yet resentful, went out, and presently returned with a case of American champagne. The next moment the room resounded with the popping of corks, the clinking of glasses and the murmurs and gurgles of happy souls. Sinkovitch had drunk perhaps two glasses when he found that his heart had expanded even more. So, in thunderous tones he commanded:

"Natzi, another case!"

"Und dot," as Natzi afterward explained, "vas der commencement."

Slowly a blanket of thick, gray fog settled down upon Natzi's café.

The sun had risen and the day's traffic had already begun when Jablinowsky, with throbbing brain and aching nerves and guilty conscience, slowly mounted the four flights of stairs that led to his abode, won-

dering, in a vague, confused way, how he would be greeted and what he would say. He had been married nearly a dozen years and in all that time this thing had never happened before. The champagne had tasted so sweet and so harmless and all the world had looked so rosy and so smiling until—until—what was it? Did the lights go out, or had there been an earthquake? Poor, bewildered Jablinowsky could not remember. But as he climbed those weary stairs he had a curious feeling of having emerged from a thick blanket of fog and of climbing stairs for several years. This thought suddenly struck him with great force, and he stopped to scratch his head in a puzzled way and to peer down between the banisters. It seemed to him at that moment as if he had done nothing all his life but climb stairs. With a sigh he resumed his climbing, and after a few weeks or years he found himself standing nervously before his door, wondering, wondering, wondering what on earth he could say.

But, even as he hesitated to enter, the door was opened from within and Jablinowsky beheld the anxious countenance of his wife gazing upon him with an expression in which amazement and relief were curiously blended.

"Jab! Jab!" she exclaimed, "where have you been?"

Breathes there a man who, at some time in his life, has not been confronted with the cold, unexpected, embarrassing question direct? Not under similar circumstances, of course, but upon occasions when he has not quite decided upon the proper proportion of confession, evasion and silence and finds himself thoroughly unprepared? And is there such a man who cannot realize the enormity of the temptation that immediately presents itself? And who cannot sympathize with Jablinowsky? Jablinowsky was weak and—he fell! With his eyes fixed defiantly upon his wife's troubled countenance, he said:

"My friend Zalinsky was in trouble—terrible trouble! And I had to stand by him. Ask me no more! I could not keep a secret of my own from you, but I could never betray the secrets of my dearest friend."

In a vague way the idea flitted through his mind that he must not fail to inform Zalinsky of the situation—but it was all so very vague that it left absolutely no

impression, and a few moments later Jablinowsky was in the land of dreams, watching a great artillery battle in which champagne bottles were used for cannon and the soldiers absorbed all the ammunition. Jablinowsky, I believe, was commander-in-chief of one of the armies.

There was much winking and grinning and whispering and shaking of heads on the streets of the Ghetto that day. In the whole history of the East Side no such thing as this had happened before; and never

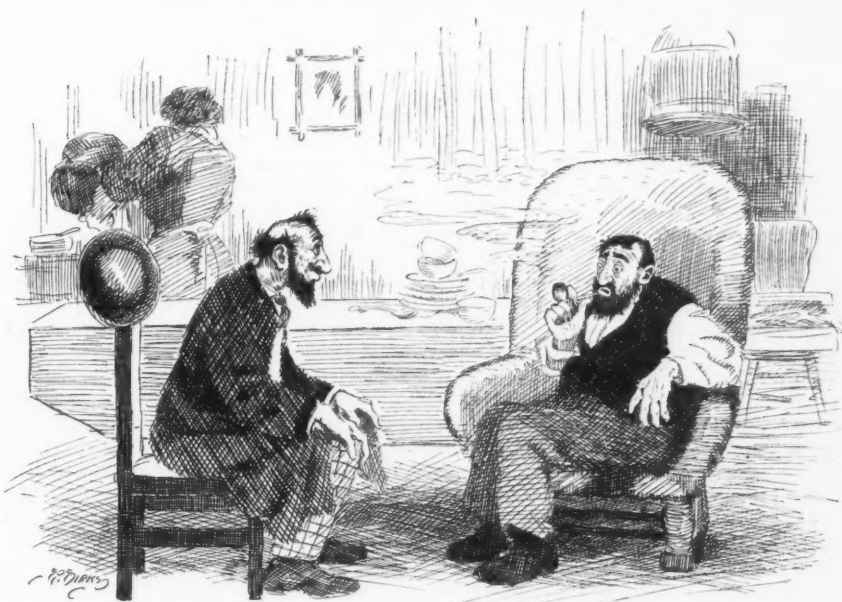
old friend Sinkovitch? Was Jablinowsky there?"

Sorkin nodded, sadly.

"Ah, yes, Jablinowsky was there."

"Hm!" said Zalinsky. "I will go and see Jablinowsky. I love Jab."

Which accounts for the fact that while Jablinowsky was smoking his meerschaum pipe after the evening meal and trying to strangle his remorse, and at the same time look like a man with a profound secret, and Mrs. Jablinowsky was gazing at him with the fond admiration of a wife who has



Drawn by R. Dirks

AND THEN, GRADUALLY A GREAT LIGHT SEEMED TO DAWN UPON ZALINSKY

before had there arisen so many bewildering complications in the social and domestic affairs of so many good and honest people. If all these things were chronicled, they would make a big, thick book which would take its place in literature as an epic of the wine when it is white and bubbles. This sketch, however, is only the epic of Jablinowsky.

Sorkin met Zalinsky in the street and told him, briefly, what had happened. Zalinsky's face fell.

"Why did you not send for me?" he asked. "Why did you let me miss my

just discovered a new charm in her husband, the door opened and Zalinsky entered. Jablinowsky—we'll call him Jab after this—felt a sudden sinking of the heart.

"Welcome, Mr. Zalinsky," cried Mrs. Jab. "The very man I wanted to see."

As Mrs. Jab turned to greet the visitor Jab clasped his hand over his mouth—by which he meant to indicate silence—and winked furiously at Zalinsky—by which he meant to convey a warning of caution. And then, to his intense delight, he saw the sweetest little smile of comprehension light up Zalinsky's face, and, a moment later,

while Mrs. Jab's back was turned, he beheld Zalinsky's eyelid flutter. Jab sank back in his chair with a long sigh of content.

"So, Mr. Zalinsky," began Mrs. Jab, with a good-natured smile, "you make my husband keep secrets from me?"

Zalinsky pressed his hand to his heart.

"Mrs. Jablinowsky," he said, "secrets are—er—secrets! But I never saw you look so well before."

Jab closed his eyes in dreamy delight. Truly Zalinsky was a friend.

"Never mind how well I look," persisted Mrs. Jab. "I am just dying to know why you kept my husband away from home all night."

Zalinsky's arms dropped to his side and his mouth opened in speechless amazement. Jab felt a cold chill creep down his spine.

"Me?" cried the visitor. "Keep your husband—"

He suddenly caught sight of Jab's face contorted into the most wonderful grimace he had ever beheld. And then he murmured feebly:

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes! I know what you mean."

A sudden thought struck him and, crossing the room, he took a seat close beside Jab.

"Now," said Mrs. Jab, "you needn't think that I am going to leave you two men alone together to talk over secrets. I am going to sit right here. Eh, Jab?"

For a long time Zalinsky and Jablinowsky sat gazing at each other in silence, the face of each a wonderful study. In the countenance of Jab a dumb pleading struggled vigorously to make itself known, while Zalinsky's face displayed a curious succession of emotions among which sympathy, curiosity, envy and a certain Machiavellian cunning could all be discerned. And then, gradually a great light seemed to dawn upon Zalinsky and a huge grin overspread all his features. Jab felt a sudden dread of what was coming.

"No," said Zalinsky, presently. "We shall not discuss our secrets again, Mrs. Jab. Let the past belong to the past. What a fine meerschaum pipe you are smoking, Jab!"

"He got it from his rich grandfather in Russia," replied Mrs. Jab.

Zalinsky held out his hand for the pipe and gazed at it long and earnestly. Jab felt the perspiration rise to his brow.

"If you love me, Jab," said Zalinsky, slowly, "you will give me this pipe."

Mrs. Jab laughed merrily.

"You are such a joker, Mr. Zalinsky," she said. But Jab had beheld the cold, remorseless gleam in Zalinsky's blue eyes, had seen the slight frown that overspread his face like a flying shadow and had encountered a slow, deliberate wink that was as cruel as the Inquisition.

"Zalinsky," he said—his voice sounded hoarse—"ask me for anything but that pipe."

"Jab," said Zalinsky, slowly, "do—you—remember—last—night—when—"

"Take it!" cried Jab, springing to his feet. "Keep the pipe!"

"Are you out of your senses, Jab?" exclaimed his wife.

"—when—you—promised—me—this—pipe?" concluded Zalinsky, as if there had been no interruption.

"Yes, wife," said Jab, turning to his wondering spouse, "the er—trouble that Zalinsky was in last night—you know—the pipe—er—I had to promise it to him—er—don't you see?"

And as his wife continued to gaze at him blankly, he drew himself up and demanded sternly:

"Would you have it said that your husband does not keep a promise?"

Jab and Zalinsky were playing checkers the next evening, when Mrs. Jab came into the room bubbling over with excitement. They both looked up, Zalinsky with a curious smile and Jab with a sinking heart.

"Did ever you hear anything so terrible!"

Mrs. Jab exclaimed. "Mr. Sinkovitch, the rich Mr. Sinkovitch from uptown, was in Natzi's café the other night and drank a whole bottle of champagne. Isn't it awful! And his poor wife and children have gone to Europe and don't know anything about it. My! My! What some folks will do! And I had such a high opinion of Mr. Sinkovitch. I would no more have believed it if anybody had told me that my Jab had drunk a bottle of champagne."

"Who told you about it?" asked Zalinsky. Jab was quite red in the face and breathing hard.

"I just met Mrs. Sorkin. Her husband didn't come home until terribly late because he had run straight to the rabbi and had



Drawn by R. Dirks

WITH AN EXPRESSION OF MOURNFUL RESENTMENT, HE TURNED AND LEFT THE ROOM

brought the rabbi to talk with Mr. Sinkovitch and argue with him, and they argued nearly all night. Mr. Sorkin must be a fine man."

"He is a very smart man, anyway," said Zalinsky, grinning at Jab. "Just think of his going to the rabbi."

"The rabbi," said Jab, maliciously, "is a decent n.an. He is different from some men I know."

"Indeed?"

There was something ominous in the tone with which Zalinsky uttered this word. Jab felt that same chill, with which of late he had become quite familiar, creep slowly up and down his spine.

"Speaking of honest men, Jab," Zalinsky went on, "how about that dollar you borrowed from me on the night you got me out of trouble?"

Jab turned pale.

"What dollar?" he asked.

Again he encountered that cold, remorseless gaze.

"A dollar," said Zalinsky, slowly, "is a lot of money. But remember, Jab, there are some things that are worth more than a dollar. Sinkovitch—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Jab quickly, "you mean *that* dollar! Of course! To be sure! Here it is."

"What dollar is that?" asked Mrs. Jab.

"Didn't I tell you that we had a secret?" replied her husband.

"All things," says the Talmud, "must end. Some day even the sun will end."

The rabbi was poring over the pages of the Mishna when Mrs. Jablinowsky entered, her countenance clouded with worry.

"Dear Mrs. Jablinowsky," he said, "what can I do for you—the happiest woman in the Ghetto? I thought that only unhappy people came to me!"

"Ah, rabbi, I am the unhappiest woman in the world," she answered. "Something has gone wrong with my Jab."

"With Jab?" cried the rabbi. "That nice husband of yours gone wrong?"

"Oh, it is not his fault, rabbi," she said quickly, "but he is under the influence of the Evil Eye!"

The rabbi opened two benevolent eyes very wide and gazed at his visitor in astonishment.

"The Evil Eye?"

"I cannot explain it any other way, rabbi. Listen, and I will tell you just what has happened."

She told her story. Without omitting a single incident she related everything that had happened since that fateful morning when Jablinowsky had come home at sunrise, wringing her hands at times and at others pausing to gaze in hopeless bewilderment at the rabbi's expressionless countenance.

"He buys himself a new hat. Comes Zalinsky and says, 'I need a hat,' and Jab gives it to him. He brings home a fine

cigar. Comes Zalinsky and looks hard at him and gets the cigar. For his birthday I buy him a new necktie. Comes Zalinsky and says, 'It is just what I need,' and Jab gives it to him. His fine meerschaum pipe, a silk handkerchief, a fine collar-button—one by one they go. Comes Zalinsky and looks him in the eye and Jab gives him whatever he wants. Rabbi! Rabbi! What is the matter with him? Is he bewitched?"

The rabbi gazed at her long and earnestly over the rim of his spectacles. Then he turned away to cough. In fact, his cough quickly became so troublesome that he fled precipitately into the next room, motioning to his visitor to remain where she was. Through the closed door, however, she could hear a most curious sputtering sound as though the rabbi's cough were choking him. When, however, the rabbi returned, he seemed none the worse for his sudden attack, but, on the contrary, his eyes were twinkling merrily and his cheeks were suffused with a healthy glow.

He took from a shelf a leather-bound, time-worn volume of the Talmud and slowly turned its pages, pausing every now and then to gaze at Mrs. Jab's face over the tops of his glasses. There was something so patriarchal in the rabbi's venerable appearance and something so impressive in the mysterious-looking volume which he held in his hands that, for a moment, Mrs. Jab almost forgot her troubles and sat looking at him with an expression of reverential awe.

"It is here written," said the rabbi, in his most impressive tones, "that a wife shall believe nothing ill that is said of her husband!"

He held the page open before her eyes, pointing with his finger to a line of classic Hebrew that Mrs. Jab could no more read than if it had been Choctaw.

"Nobody could ever make me believe anything against my Jab," she answered, proudly. The rabbi nodded approvingly.

"Just so. And in addition to your righteous instinct, you have the satisfaction of knowing that this same rule is laid down in the Baba Mezhiah!"

Mrs. Jab folded her hands upon her lap and gazed at the rabbi with so innocent and trusting an expression that for a moment he was compelled to avert his eyes and cough again.

"Now," he went on, "this man Zalinsky has probably told Jab that if he did not give him everything he asked for he would spread lies about him."

"The villain!" exclaimed Mrs. Jab. "Do you know, rabbi, I always had my suspicions about that man. I think he is capable of almost anything."

"And Jab," the rabbi went on, "is so fond of you and thinks so much of your esteem and affection that he would rather give this man anything he asked than to have you hear one word against him."

"Why, the idea! As if I would believe anything that Zalinsky said against my Jab! Jab would not even have to deny it."

"Good!" exclaimed the rabbi. "Now what you must do is to put Zalinsky to the test. And you will find that your husband will forever be free from his influence."

"What shall I do, rabbi? What must I say?"

The rabbi raised his eyes to the ceiling and sat, motionless, in an attitude of deep thought.

"Ah, I have it! The—the—er—most remarkable thing that ever happened was er—the other day when Mr. Sinkovitch er—drank champagne. Not bad, remember," he added quickly, when he saw the frown that came into Mrs. Jab's face. "Only remarkable. It was a thing that women could not understand. But, of course, they look upon it with more horror than anything else. I could show you things in the Talmud that would explain to you how wrong you are. But never mind. Let us take it for granted that you consider it very bad and that the worst thing that Jab could possibly have done was to drink a glass of champagne with Mr. Sinkovitch. Do you comprehend?"

Mrs. Jab nodded, vaguely.

"Now, when next you see Zalinsky, say to him, openly, 'Mr. Zalinsky, did you know Jab drank champagne all night long with Mr. Sinkovitch?'"

"But how could he?" interrupted Mrs. Jab, "when he was helping Mr. Zalinsky out of his trouble? It was the same night."

"True! True! But do not refer to that. Take it for granted that it is the worst lie that Zalinsky can invent about Jab. And tell him just what I said. If he says, 'Yes. I knew it!' then smile at him and say, 'What care I?' For the Talmud says, 'Do not discuss lies with a liar!' But if he says,

"No. I did not know it!" then say to him, 'Mr. Zalinsky, I would not care if he did. My husband may do anything he pleases without offending me!'"

Mrs. Jablinowsky fairly beamed.

"Now if Zalinsky says to you, 'No, he did not drink with Sinkovitch, but he did commit some terrible crime,' you can then raise your head proudly and say, 'No crime could be more terrible than drinking with Mr. Sinkovitch, and as I have already forgiven that, I do not care to hear about some lesser crime.'"

"Rabbi," cried Mrs. Jab, impulsively seizing one of his hands in both of hers, "how wonderfully wise you are. I shall do just as you say. How can I ever thank you?"

"By not believing anything that you ever hear against your husband without first coming to me."

"Indeed, rabbi, I could no more believe that Jab would do anything wrong than—than he could do such a thing as Mr. Sinkovitch did. But on the next Yontiv [holiday] you must come and sup with us."

And as Mrs. Jablinowsky departed, the rabbi gazed at the Talmud in his lap and sighed. He tried to read, but the classic Hebrew characters gazed at him so reproachfully that he closed the book.

Mrs. Jab reached home in the nick of time. Her husband was taking off a new green waistcoat that he had made for himself, and Zalinsky's arm was outstretched. With a beating heart, Mrs. Jab stepped behind her husband's chair and fondly clasped her arms around him.

"Mr. Zalinsky," she said, "did you know that Jab—my Jab—drank champagne with Mr. Sinkovitch that night—a—hundred bottles?"

She had caught the spirit of the rabbi's instructions and had improved upon it. But it was fortunate that she could not see her husband's face. Zalinsky turned red, and his outstretched arm fell limply to his side.

"I do not know what you mean, Mrs. Jab," he faltered.

"What I mean," replied Mrs. Jab, speaking with great deliberation, "is that I do not care if he drinks champagne with Mr. Sinkovitch every night. Jab can do anything that he pleases and, as that is the worst thing that he could possibly do, you can see how much I care—as long as I know that he is my own dear Jab."

She lowered her head and kissed Jab gently upon the forehead. Bewildered by this new turn of affairs, yet conscious of a wonderful, unlooked-for relief, Jab had the great wisdom to remain silent—and, incidentally, to button the waistcoat that he was about to take off. Zalinsky did not understand. How could he understand? In a vague way, however, he felt that something had happened to lower him in Mrs. Jab's estimation and, instinctively, he felt that injured dignity was the most appropriate rôle to assume in the emergency.

"Mrs. Jab," he said, drawing himself to his full height, "I feel hurt that you should ask me if I saw your husband drink champagne with Mr. Sinkovitch. Do you think I would ever speak to him again if I had?"

And, with an expression of mournful resentment, he turned and left the room. Jablinowsky drew a long sigh of relief and then slowly turned his head to look into his wife's face. There were tears in her eyes, but they were tears of happiness.

"You will never give him anything more, will you, Jab?" she asked.

"Never," cried Jab, "but——"

"And you know I wouldn't believe anything bad against you?"

"Of course not. But——"

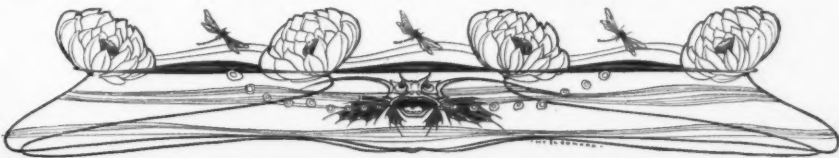
"But you wouldn't drink champagne the way Mr. Sinkovitch did, would you?"

"The way Mr. Sinkovitch did? Never! But——"

"I will keep nothing from you, Jab. I have just had a talk with the rabbi. I went to him and—where are you going, dear?"

Jab had seized his hat and was hurrying toward the door.

"To see the rabbi!"





*Drawn by W. J. Aylward*

AT A GLANCE YOU COULD PERCEIVE THAT HE WAS A MORAL DERELICT UPON  
A BLEAK SHORE

# Frank Rust, Hero

BY HERBERT D. WARD



FRANK RUST reeled out of the fish-house and looked furtively up the lane. He was an overgrown boy of nineteen. His face was large and red. His eyes, that were generally half closed, looked suspicious and cunning. When they were wide open, they gave an entirely different appearance to his countenance. Freckles and pimples vied with each other for the possession of his cheeks and forehead. His hat, that had faded into a greenish maroon, had lost its band and its shape years ago, and served only as a covering to an unkempt head. Frank's clothes were stained and torn and slovenly. At a glance you could perceive that he was a moral derelict upon a bleak shore which has sent forth more brave men than it has nursed ignoble souls. Indeed, a bad man may be brave sometimes, but it is a question whether a drunkard has much intrepidity of the heart.

The only person in the little fishing-village who had not despaired of Frank Rust was the Rev. James Whipple. This man, who had found his career in following the steps of Christ among the common people, had seen the turning of Frank Rust's father when everyone else had declared repentance an impossibility. Frank Rust had inherited that which should make us very tender with the weak and the dissipated. His mother had been a slattern, his father had been a drunkard, and he was now an orphan. What can you expect from such a combination, when you add the fact that no one in the village had any faith in the lad? I say "no one" with some reservation. For did not the Rev. James Whipple pray for him, and believe as he prayed, in answer to prayer? Then there was Katharine.

Katharine was a good girl. She sang in the choir. She had been Frank's schoolmate, and she had pitied when others despised.

The contrast between these two was all that a novelist could desire. Katharine was

slender. Frank was large. Katharine was refined. Frank looked coarse. Katharine was delicate and neat and spiritual. Frank was vulgar, disorderly, and a blasphemer. And yet Katharine never met Frank but she gave him a pleasant smile, and spoke to him as to an equal. In that she showed the true Christian socialism. In Frank's eyes, Katharine was a goddess, to be worshiped from afar; and the lad did worship her, and would have torn his heart out before he would have let anyone suspect it.

The theory of total depravity is one which no deep student of life can accept. The boy whom the village ostracized had depths within him which he himself did not suspect. There were times when he longed to be noble, not like other boys or men whom he knew, and with whom he went on fishing-trips, but infinitely better. These times occurred when the Rev. James Whipple talked to him, and held out to him high ideals as man to man, not as teacher to student, or even as father to son. Frank seemed to listen sullenly to these stimulating suggestions, and did not respond because he did not know how. Often, after he had been intoxicated and was coming to himself, he longed to quit the life he was leading and be a man. He then dreamed of what he would do under given conditions, and under certain circumstances. But he did not know how to begin.

I do not want it to be understood that Frank Rust was utterly vicious. When he had no liquor, he was different. At sea he was at his best. At the age of four he could row a dory; at ten he made his first trip with his father, and at seventeen he was a full-fledged fisherman. None could gangle a hook or bait a tub of trawl-lines more quickly than he. There was no one more expert in setting the trawls, or in rowing a dory full of fish in a northeast gale until it was picked up by his vessel. So he was always an addition to a boat's crew. And he made good wages when he was afloat. At sea he seemed to be a man. On shore he was only a thing.

Between Frank Rust and Murdock Salter it was recognized that there was a silent feud. Murdock was three years older, and also a fisherman, but he was spruce and trig. When he was on shore, his hair was oiled and carefully parted. He wore his shore clothes with a grace of his own, and had no diffidence in speaking to the girls or in beaueing them about. For some years Murdock had singled Katharine out as the object of his attentions, and Frank Rust watched these maneuvers from afar. At sea, Murdock was his inferior, but on land they would never be found in the same society.

It was February. The fleet of fishermen upon George's were jogging under forestay-sail and a single-reefed mainsail. A snow-storm had suddenly sprung with a gale of wind from the eastward, and hidden all the dories from view. Only the captain and cook were left on board the *Emerald* to manage the little schooner. The rest of the men were off in their dories. There were six dories and two men in each. By the time that the gale had come up, the trawls ought to have been hauled. By the chance of the trip, Murdock Salter and Frank Rust had become dory-mates. Murdock was the kind of man who had pride without ability, ambition without accomplishment and a dashing exterior without courage. Whatever feeling might be exhibited between these two on shore, it was discarded on the water. This was a fight for fish, not a rivalry for a girl. So, in order that Murdock might have a good record, he had condescended to ask Frank to be his mate. With Frank at the trawls, he was assured of a heavy fare every time his dory touched the side of the *Emerald*. For, however great his failure as a man on shore, Frank Rust never failed as fisherman at sea. Here he was adroit, intuitive, and had strength beyond his years.

It was eleven o'clock, an hour after the slack of the tide, and when Frank Rust felt the sting of the snow upon his cheeks, as he was underrunning his trawls, he looked up. The dory was about two miles to leeward of the vessel, and even as he watched, it became hidden in a storm of snow. It is almost inconceivable with what rapidity waves can rise. The dory was almost full of haddock, and the waves began breaking over it at the instant. The position in which

these two found themselves was hazardous in the extreme. Only fishermen know what it is to be cast adrift in a fish-logged dory at the mercy of a gale. Add to this the numbing snow, the merciless cutting of the spume, the freezing wind. Herein lies the danger of the toiler of the sea. You leave your vessel in the sunshine, and in an hour you may be engulfed in the center of a howling hurricane.

Murdock looked at the transformation in dismay and then turned his eyes upon Frank Rust. For a little while the two did not speak. They both realized the desperateness of their situation and the hopelessness of fighting it. While the dory can out-ride a gale better than any other boat of its size, yet with a ton of fish in it it is as helpless as a yacht's tender. This they both knew. The two men were standing up to their knees in squirming fish, and the water was gaining on them.

"Out with the fish!" Frank Rust howled into the teeth of the snow.

This was their last hope, and their only one, and they bent to their slimy task like madmen. They could not watch the waves, they could not steer the boat. All they could do was to pitch the fish into the froth. They did not see a curler higher than the rest approaching venomously. This, with a white mane, advanced, maddened and furious. Before the two young fishermen knew what had happened, they found themselves in the water, and the overturned dory between them.

The fisherman's dory has one peculiarity not found in any other boat. It is furnished with a plug. This plug fits into the bottom of the boat so that when it is carried on deck the water can be drained out. The plug has attached to it a loop which is known as the plug-strap. The loop is made of six-threaded buoy-line, and it projects outside of the bottom of the boat. This plug-strap, about eighteen inches in length, is a life-line that has saved more men's lives than fishermen can estimate. When the dory is overturned, the first thing that a man does is to grasp at the plug-strap, a loop of safety.

When Frank Rust found himself in the seething waters, he made an instinctive dash for the plug-strap on the slippery bottom of the dory. This he grasped and then he looked for Murdock. But Murdock was not to be seen. At that instant, in the lull of the sleet Rust saw what seemed like black sea-

Painted by W. T. Atwood

WHEN THE *EMERALD* DREW NEAR, MURDOCK WAS AS GOOD AS DEAD



weed floating on the surface of the water. This was Murdock's hair. Frank did not hesitate. He loosed his hold and battled toward the drowning man. He grasped him by the hair, drew the head above the waves, and swam back to the boat. With tremendous effort he passed his arm through the plug-strap, and held to the oilskin of the almost drowned man. It did not take more than a few minutes for Murdock to revive. The snow cut his face and stung him into sensibility.

"Grab the strap!" shouted Frank, and he forced the fingers of his mate around the loop at his own elbow. Thus they hung for some minutes, on the sides of the dory; neither spoke a word.

Frank Rust's mind, that always seemed atrophied on shore, was now thoroughly alive. Clad in his oilskins and heavy rubber boots, he found the drag of the water upon him ominous. Dashed to and fro against the side of the dory by the swirl of the waves, his head buried and then emerging, he was fiercely calculating how long it would be possible to hold on and live. He had heard astounding tales of men who had existed in the winter's storm for six and eight hours, holding on to such a plug-strap as this. Alone, he felt that he could survive almost any punishment that the elements might bring to bear upon him. He was surprised that the water did not seem colder and that the snow was not more benumbing. Then he looked over at his mate again. This young fisherman, who had chosen the drunkard because of his prowess, now gave every sign of collapsing, and of cowardice. It was evident that he might be frightened to death before he would be drowned.

Then Frank thought of Katharine, of her beauty, her gentleness to him, her dainty and her sweet ways, and he wondered which of the two men she would prefer now. She had never seen him at sea and in his element. She had never seen him in his manhood and in his strength—only in his weakness and in his degradation.

"I'll do it," he said to himself, and he kept wondering whether she would ever know it or not, and if she did, whether she would appreciate it.

In a lull of the gale he cried at the top of his voice: "Cheer up, Murdock! Cheer up, mate! The squall will be over in an hour or so, and if we can hang on they'll pick us up, sure!"

But Murdock Salter's answer was only a despairing look and a groan. He was not composed of the stuff that makes men fight when the inevitable is upon them. And even now in the succeeding onslaught of the gale his hands gradually relaxed and he kept slipping, slipping down over the flaring side of the dory. Then Frank knew that a great struggle was at hand if he would save his mate. But before he realized that the fight for life was at its crisis, Murdock loosed his grasp and slid into the water.

There were two things for Frank to do. One was to hold on himself and survive; the other was to swim around the boat and try to rescue his mate. The latter course was fraught with the greatest danger; but the lad did not hesitate. With a quick motion he divested himself of his oil-coat and struck out. For the second time he grasped his mate and, with that added weight upon his hands, swam for the dory. This time the boat was farther off, and the battle was terrific. It was fortunate for him that the dory was upside down. Otherwise it would have eluded his grasp in the gale like a gull. It seemed a week's work to Frank before he grasped that saving strap again, with his hand upon his mate's collar. This time, with an effort and an adroitness that can hardly be estimated by a landsman, he forced his comrade's arm through the loop, and himself held on to Murdock's hand, thus locking them both together at the strap.

"It's no use," whimpered Murdock, after he had recovered again; he cast at his savior a look in which was expressed all the horror and despair of the frightful situation. "Let me go! I can't last ten minutes, and I might as well go now. I'm so tired."

"I'll be hanged if I do!" Frank howled through the gale; his blood and stubbornness stirred within him. "Leave it to me, and I'll pull you through yet!"

It is impossible to describe the fight for life that went on for three eternal hours, while the snow-capped, spume-spitting waves clawed at the men. But Frank shut his teeth tight and made a vow to the Rev. James Whipple (he did not know enough then to make a vow to God) that he would not desert his mate.

Then the storm lifted as suddenly as it had come. The snow ceased. The clouds ascended, and the sea took on that troubled, leaden look which it often assumes before the sun comes out, and which makes even a

speck clear upon its surface. The skipper on the *Emerald* had been searching desperately for his dories. Wisely during the gale he had kept jogging to windward so as not to drop to the leeward of his boats. It was at this time that the cook in the crosstrees saw the overturned boat, and sung out to the captain below, "Look!"

When the *Emerald* drew near, Murdock was as good as dead. He was half pitched across the bottom of the dory, and lay inert there, his head bobbing with the boat's motion. In the water, grasping with both hands the unconscious man's arm and thus holding it through the protecting loop, Frank Rust was discovered and picked up. He was not yet unconscious, but he was in the last throes of agony. He had been holding on instinctively during the last fifteen minutes, and when they forced his grip from his dory-mate's arm, he fell limp into their hands. It needed only a glance for the captain of the *Emerald* to see what the young dissolute lad had done. That he had saved his dory-mate's life almost at the sacrifice of his own was as plain as if it had been engraved on a gold medal.

Frank Rust strode up the street. Men no longer shunned him. They spoke to him with respect. He did not drink on the return from this trip, for something within him held him back. He could not explain what. His eyes were wide open, his gaze was straight. He had become a man and did not know the fact. Some people had whispered that he was a hero; but heroism at sea is so common a thing among our coast fishermen that little is made of it.

Men are glad to do their duty by their mates even at the risk of their lives, and then have the fact forgotten. As Frank Rust walked past the store and past the post-office, he instinctively perceived that he had a new status in the community. He was wondering about it with his eyes fixed on the ground.

Then he lifted them, and before him stood Katharine. She held out her hand with a glad smile, and a faint blush overmantled her beautiful face.

"Oh, Frank!" she said impulsively, "I'm so glad—I'm so glad!"

But Frank Rust felt rather ashamed of himself.

"It's nothing," he stammered. "I just wanted Murdock to live, that's all. Don't you understand?"

Katharine looked at the great, hulking, honest fellow and saw the change in his face, and a subtle smile crept over her.

"How does it feel to be a hero?" she asked in a bantering tone.

"Don't!" Frank instinctively put up his hand as if he were struck in the face.

"I never heard," continued Katharine, with a sudden change to gravity, "I never heard of a hero being a drunkard.

"Don't you hear?"—the girl shook her head decisively.

At that moment the young man squared his shoulders and stood straight. A great resolve hammered at his heart. Something choked him. It seemed as if he would die if he said another word. With a dignity that did not lack grace, he took off his hat and bowed his head before his old schoolmate, and then strode on to his home.

## A Sea Fancy

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

TO-DAY in silence on the level sands

The sun hath laid his golden tapestry;

There comes no vagrant breeze from any lands

To start the white foam crisping on the sea,

But all is silent blue and silent gold,

Save for the rhythmic movement of the tide,

That seems to soothe one sleeping in its hold.

Methinks that day before the old gods died,

When Aphrodite slumbered in the deep,

That moment ere she woke for mankind's sake,

Like this the world stood hushed to watch one sleep—

Too lovely for the loving gods to wake.

# The Outsider

BY ELBERT HUBBARD



HE introduction of a new man into an institution, especially if he be a person of some power, always causes a small panic of resentment. Even in schools and colleges the new teacher has to fight his way.

In a lumber-camp, a newcomer would do well to take the initiative, and meet the first black look with a short-arm jab.

But in a bank, department store or railroad office this cannot be. So the next best thing is to endure, and win out by an attention to business to which the place is unaccustomed. In any event, the bigger the man, unless he have the absolute power to overawe everything, the more uncomfortable will be his position until gradually time smooths the way, and new issues come up for criticism, opposition and resentment.

One general rule for progress in big business ventures is the introduction of new blood. You must keep in step with the business world. If you lag behind, the outlaws that hang on the flanks of commerce will cut you out and take you captive, just as wolves lie in wait for the sick cow on the plains.

To keep your columns marching, you must introduce new methods, new inspiration, and seize upon the best that others have invented or discovered.

The great railroads of America have evolved together. No one of them has an appliance or a method that is much beyond the rest. If it were not for this interchange of men and ideas some railroads would still be using the link and pin, and snake-heads would be as common as in the year 1869.

The railroad manager who knows his business, most certainly, is ever on the lookout for excellence among his men, and he promotes those who give an undivided service. But besides this, he occasionally hires a strong man from the outside and promotes him over everybody.

Then the hammers come out!

But this makes no difference to your competent manager—if a place is to be filled and he has no one on his pay-roll big enough to fill it, he hires an outsider.

This is right and well, for everybody concerned.

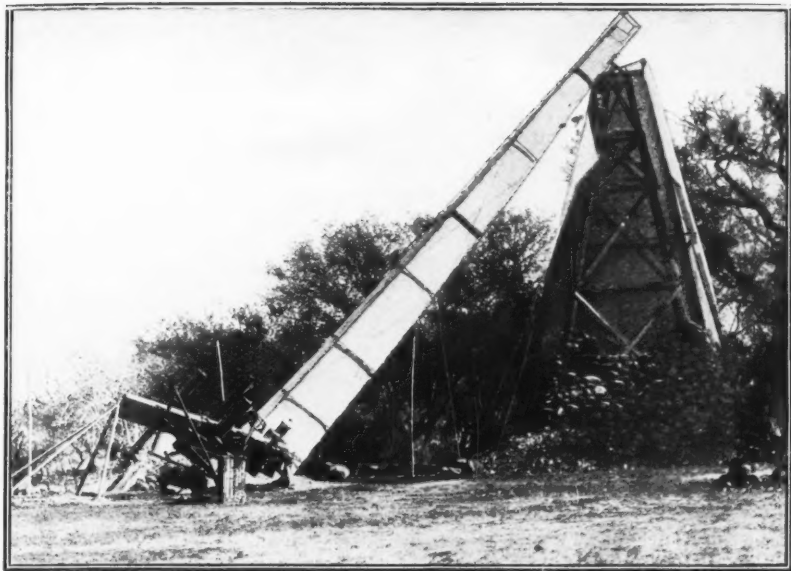
The new life of many a firm dates from the day it hired a new man.

If you are a business man and have a position of responsibility to be filled, look carefully among your old helpers for a man to promote. But if you haven't a man big enough to fill the place, do not put in a little one for the sake of peace. Go outside and find a man and hire him—never mind the salary if he can man the position—wages are always relative to earning-power. This will be the only way you can really man your ship.

As for the jealous ones who will attempt to make life miserable for your new man, be patient with them. It is the privilege of everybody to do a reasonable amount of kicking, especially if the person has been a long time with one concern and received many benefits. Besides that, the new man must pay the price of his promotion—let him stand the merry innuendo and the gentle gibe, and get even by setting the "push" a pace.

But if, at the last, worst comes to worst, do not forget that you yourself are at the head of the concern. If it fails, you get the blame. And should the anvil chorus be so persistent that there is danger of discord taking the place of harmony, stand by your new man, even though it is necessary to give the blue envelope to every antediluvian. Precedence in business is a matter of power, and years in one position may mean that the man has been there so long that he needs a change.

So here is the argument—promote your deserving men, but do not be afraid to hire a keen outsider; he helps everybody, even the kickers. For if you disintegrate through dry-rot, the kickers will have to skirmish for new positions, anyway. Isn't that so?



THE FORTY-FOOT PHOTOGRAPHING TELESCOPE USED BY PROFESSOR CAMPBELL, OF THE LICK OBSERVATORY, AT JEUR, INDIA. ECLIPSE OF JANUARY, 1898

## Coming Eclipse of the Sun

An Article on the Development of Eclipse Observation, and Preparations for the Event, by Edgar L. Larkin, Director Mt. Lowe Observatory, California; and a second Article, on the Appearance of the Phenomenon, What the Observers will Look for and how They will Work, by Walde-  
mar B. Kaempffert, of the "Scientific American"

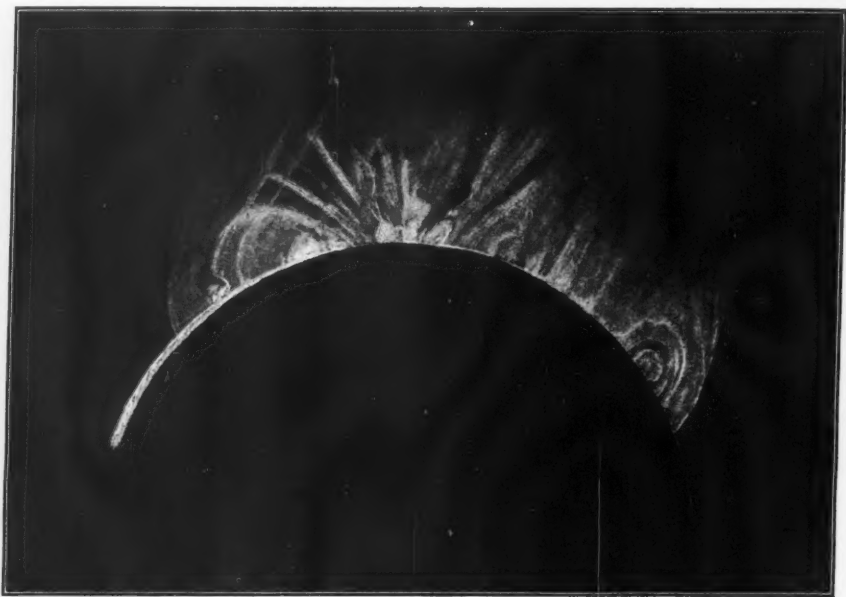
I

BY EDGAR L. LARKIN

**L**ET a copy of the COSMOPOLITAN be resting on a table. Raise it up one inch and lay it down again. At least two million particles of dust will be displaced. And it matters little what size the room is in which the reader may be, each fragment of dust is as large, in proportion to the dimensions of the apartment, as the entire earth is to that part of the universe known to astronomers.

Imagine each piece of dust to be a sphere

and inhabited by one billion five hundred million animals, each being endowed with mind. Let skilled mentalists analyze all these minds, and they would find one, or at the most two, in each million that differ almost entirely from all the others. These possess enormous power; for they can tell the distance of all the objects in the room from their tiny home, weigh them, and if anything moves, the speeds are known; and, strange to relate, the mysterious beings can make a book telling where each object will be many years hence. The mentalists in search for a name for these wonderful creatures would call them mathematicians, and put them in a most remarkable class, all by themselves.



*By courtesy of the Superintendent of the United States Naval Observatory*

INNER CORONA, DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF ECLIPSE OF MAY 17, 1901

From the most remote antiquity, as may be found in the writings of the races of the distant East, total solar eclipses have been observed with awe. It is told in history that two armies engaged in the most pleasing pastime of man, battle, were so impressed with the majesty of a total eclipse of the sun that they stopped fighting. The ancients discovered that total eclipses—the only kind they observed with approach to accuracy—arranged themselves into a series of about fifty-four years. They called this period a saros.

That is, if an eclipse appears, another will appear in the same longitude in fifty-four years, but not always in the same latitude.

The eclipse of August 30, this year, will be a repetition of one in A.D. 1797 and another on July 28, 1851. The latter crossed Sweden and Germany, while its successor in 1905 will sweep over the earth farther toward the south, beginning in Labrador and ending in Arabia.

Although the telescope was in use as early as 1610, it was not until the eclipse of July 8, 1842, that real scientific work of value was attempted. Between 1842 and

1851 one of the wonders of all ages came into use—the daguerreotype. This was nothing less than forcing the sun to write its own record. So on July 28, 1851, the first sensitive plate was exposed to the scrutiny of the "eye of the sun." This was the first eclipse which Americans went abroad to see. On July 18, 1860, another total eclipse was observed, and in Spain Secchi and De la Rue obtained photographs showing prominences jutting out from behind the disk of the moon, and the corona, or halo, around the sun appeared on the plate. All these pictures were taken by the wet process.

In 1871 a discovery was made that almost revolutionized astronomical photography—the dry plate, resulting in a great saving of time and also in better pictures. In 1876 great improvements were made in dry plates in fineness and rapidity. The great eclipse of August 7, 1869, was strictly an American entertainment and ran from Bering Strait to North Carolina. This was made memorable by C. A. Young, who discovered that famous line in the green portion of the spectrum of the sun numbered 1474, or Kirchhoff's scale. Each line in the

solar spectrum is caused by some phase of matter incandescent in the awful furnace of the sun. About forty-five kinds of matter are seen glowing on the sun, with which we are familiar here on earth, but no chemist has so far been able to find any material on earth that will project this line when heated so hot that it will emit its own kind of light. So they call it coronium. Every chemist is on the lookout for it, for he who discovers it on this world will have his name in perpetual honor. Professor Young, also, by means of the "flash spectrum," discovered the sun's reversing layer, a thin envelope of hot gas in contact with the photosphere, or visible surface of the solar globe. It is not over six hundred miles thick, and cannot be seen except at the critical time when the moon cuts off the vivid light of the disk of the sun.

Lines in the solar spectrum were first read in 1859. These lines are the letters in the alphabet of Nature with which she has been striving to speak to man since he appeared, but none could translate the glyphs into human speech until Kirchhoff rose up in that auspicious year and gave mankind the all-potent key. These priceless black lines cross that brilliant band of colors called the solar spectrum at right angles. The spectrum of the sun can be made at any time by passing its light through a prism and allowing it to fall on a white screen. With optical instruments, hundreds of fine black lines are seen. They have all been measured with extreme accuracy and mapped. One of the objects of sending expeditions to the remote portions of the earth is to secure photographs of these black lines; and these can be measured at leisure. The eclipses following that of 1869 were fraught with interest beyond all computation, because vast improvements were made in spectroscopes. A bright line in the region of yellow light in the spectrum numbered D<sub>3</sub> was always seen. It was named helium, but none could find it here on earth until 1895, when Ramsay discovered it in a mineral called cleveite. The total eclipse of July 29,

1878, was an American event also. Its line of totality ran from the Arctic Sea to the Mexican Gulf. Langley ascended Pike's Peak and there beheld the most glorious corona of all, extending to a distance of ten million miles from the sun.

Passing several notable eclipses, that of May 17, 1882, is reached. It was best seen in Egypt. And at the instant of complete darkness, a bright comet was noted close to the sun and photographed. At the eclipse of January 1, 1889, Barnard photographed delicate filaments and streamers in the outlying regions of the corona, near the poles of



*By courtesy of the Superintendent of the United States Naval Observatory*

CORONA AND CHROMOSPHERE. ECLIPSE OF MAY 17, 1901

the sun. They look somewhat like streamers of the aurora on the polar regions of the earth. The eclipse of May 28, 1900, ran from Texas, through Virginia, into the Atlantic, and on to Spain. The writer saw this as a partial eclipse during a few minutes, in California. Powerful Rowland diffraction grating spectroscopes were turned upon

this splendid eclipse. Great explosions, or prominences, were photographed. Five pictures of the corona were secured in the United States, and two hours later in Spain. Striking changes were found to have occurred in the tufts, filaments and wisps of the extreme limits of the sun's halo or gaseous envelope, his crown of glory, when the plates were exchanged and compared.

The great eclipse of August 30, 1905, will begin in Domingo Harbor in Labrador, and the duration of the totality there will be two minutes thirty-eight seconds. The shadow of the moon will then pass with great speed into the ocean. And for the first time the United States Government has issued to the captains of steamers circulars giving positions of the central line. This is for the purpose of securing snap-shots at sea. It is hoped that changes can thus be detected in the corona. Sweeping over more waves, the flying shadow will enter Spain. The Lick Observatory and the United States Naval Observatory have already sent well-equipped expeditions to Spain, Algeria and Egypt.

The men composing these expeditions are trained so that their bodies are abject slaves to their wills. Each man must be at his post and make no mistake or failure. One counts seconds, one takes photographs of the corona, another of the prominences, jets of hot gases forever lifting their crests far above the solar surface. The man at the spectrograph taking records of the delicate lines in spectrum must be on the alert; and also the one set aside to photograph the flash



*By courtesy of the Superintendent of the United States Naval Observatory*

CORONA PHOTOGRAPHED BY A 104-INCH CAMERA, BARNESVILLE, GEORGIA. ECLIPSE OF MAY 28, 1900

spectrum. No class of men on earth is better drilled. Not until the expeditions reach their destination do they unpack their costly instruments and set them up. The first thing is to find the latitude and longitude with great precision, and then begin rigid drills over and over again, each worker performing his expected part. They become men with nerves of steel and rapid minds.

The United States Naval Observatory

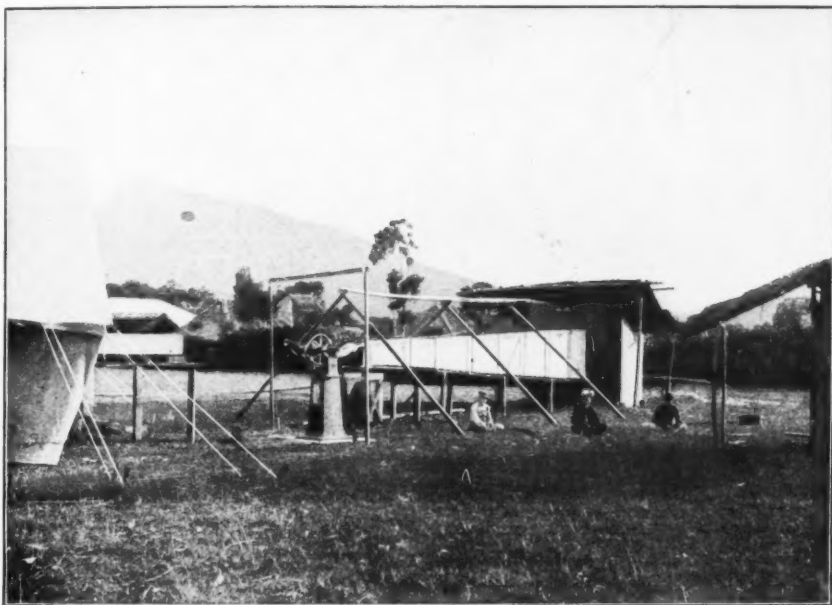
party, at Burgos, Spain, will have three minutes forty seconds in which to work. It hopes to make twelve exposures. This camera is not pointed at the sun; it is horizontal. It is a complex instrument; the cœlostast sends light from the sun into it. This cœlostast consists of a large mirror on an axis which is in the meridian and precisely parallel to the axis of the earth. The axis is rotated by the clock. As the earth turns from west to east, the mirror turns from east to west. Thus the band of light from the sun is kept centered on the lens of the camera. The operator stands in a little dark-room and makes rapid change of plates. Another party will be at Valencia, Spain. This has a seven-and-one-half-inch lens, with a focal length of sixty-five feet. It will project a magnificent image of the sun, seven inches in diameter. Rapid photographic work will be done in that dark-room. Color-screens to modify the sun's light will be employed. The Lick outfit is elaborate. Very powerful grating spectroscopes will be set up, and revelations of great value are looked for.

## II

BY WALDEMAR B. KAEMPFERT

It is rather difficult to convey in mere words something of the grandeur of a total eclipse. As the moon steals in between the sun and the earth and the solar disk is gradually gnawed down to a diminishing crescent, the foliage of trees is flecked with dancing sunny sickles—minute images of the partially obscured sun. Gradually the solar disk is reduced to a thin silver bow; daylight fast gives place to an uncanny, dull, suffused glow. Faintly fringed with

may be gathered when it is considered that it inspires even cold-blooded scientists with something like awe. Sir Francis Galton was once assigned to the task of measuring the heat of the sun's halo. He tells us that he experienced a "rising feeling of exultation" when he found that the thermometer of his instrument was broken, and that he could, therefore, spend the few moments of obscurity in poetic reverence instead of "poring on an ascending column of blue fluid in a graduated stem and noting down the results by feeble lamplight." So carried away was he by the glory of the sight that he



*By courtesy of the Superintendent of the United States Naval Observatory*

OBSERVING-STATION OF THE AMERICAN EXPEDITION, FORT DE KOCK, SUMATRA. ECLIPSE OF 1901

silver light, the moon appears what it actually is—an immense black ball hovering in the sky. From a mountain-top the shadow of the moon may be seen sweeping across the landscape with almost terrifying rapidity, blotting out everything before it. The rapidity of the motion and the blue-black intensity of the shadow give a feeling that something material is rushing over the earth.

A weird aureole of pearly light flares out from the sun, an aureole that astronomers call the "corona." Of the overpowering splendor of that phenomenon some idea

even forgot to determine the beginning of the first contact of sun and moon. The astronomical draftsmen whose duty it is to sketch the corona bandage their eyes for fifteen minutes before the total phase in order that they may be more keenly sensitive to every detail of the corona's ghostly beauty. Numerous photographs are also taken; but the sensitized plate, although it is affected by rays invisible to the eye, is incapable of adequately reproducing the delicate filaments of light that flash out for stupendous distances.

By far the most impressive feature of an eclipse, the corona is likewise the rarest wonder that nature offers. To study it is the chief object of every eclipse expedition. Although it has been the subject of painstaking observation, it must be confessed that we know practically nothing about it. Some believe that the corona is to be re-



*By courtesy of the Superintendent of the United States Naval Observatory*

CORONA, DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF ECLIPSE OF MAY 28, 1900

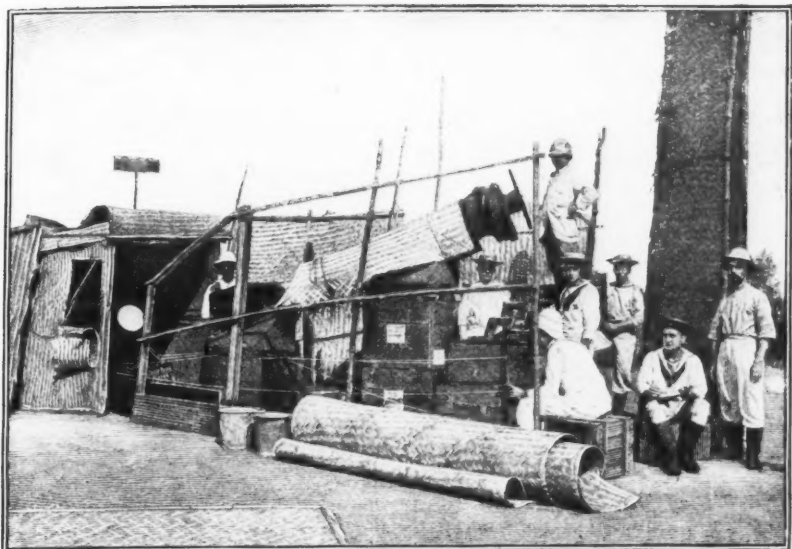
garded as a shower of meteors—a conception which does credit to the astronomical imagination, but which is hardly to be taken seriously. Others maintain that the corona

is akin to the rings of Saturn, and, therefore, the result of particles moving so swiftly that they cannot fall into the sun. According to the more recent view, it is supposed that fragments of matter are ejected from the sun with a velocity of perhaps four hundred miles a second; that these particles travel as far as Jupiter and Saturn; and that they return to the sun with their initial velocity, only to collide with fresh ascending fragments. The result ought to be a reflection and an emission of light by the ascending and descending matter and the production of a corona. A rival theory holds that the corona is much like our aurora borealis, and, therefore, a magnetic manifestation.

Whichever view may be adopted, it is quite certain that the sun's wonderful crown is a lustrous nothing—so diaphanous and airy that comets occasionally rush through it without the slightest visible effect on their excessively light bodies. On the whole, it may be said that the more astronomers know about the corona, the less they know; for each new discovery has so far served simply to perplex them. Some day, perhaps, when the full significance of the interlacing coronal streamers has been grasped by a master mind, we may be able to tell the true story of the sun's radiant energy.

The corona is the outermost of a series of envelopes which so effectually perform their function of shielding us from the intense solar light and heat that it may be said, without the least intention of appearing paradoxical, that the sun has never really been seen. Within the corona is an ocean of gas five thousand miles deep, called the chromosphere, stained a bloody-red by the crimson blaze of hydrogen. Tongues of flame leap from this ruddy mass, often to a height of ten thousand miles, and occasionally to a height of one hundred thousand and more—tongues that may best be likened to the heaving billows and tossed spray of the sea. Just as the dark moon is apparently about to glide into the sun, the red flames, or "prominences," as they are called, flare up vividly on the silver background of the corona for several minutes before and after obscuration.

Time was when the prominences could be observed only during an eclipse, for which reason they were an object of as close attention as the corona itself. Of late years means have been devised for viewing them in broad daylight. At this year's eclipse



SIR NORMAN LOCKYER'S 9-INCH PRISMATIC CAMERA, MOUNTED FOR USE AT VIZIADROOG, INDIA. ECLIPSE OF JANUARY, 1898

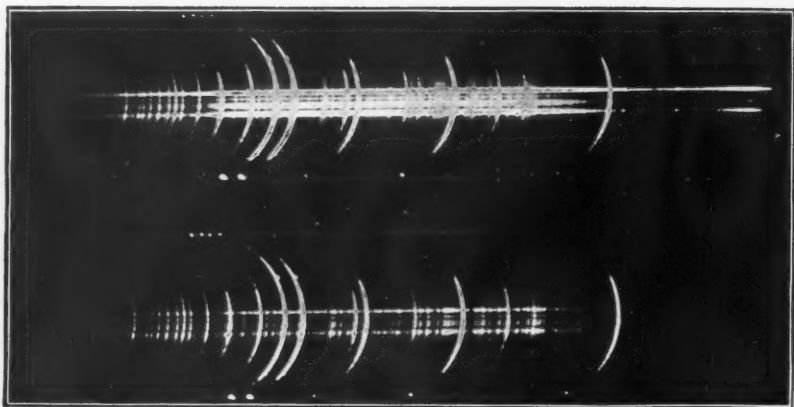
they will not be observed, consequently, quite so closely as they have been during the last century. Still, they will be carefully photographed, and their relation to the corona determined so far as possible. Perhaps the prominences, or flames, are chiefly remarkable for the whirlwind swiftness of their rise and decline. A famous English astronomer, Sir William Huggins, has ventured the opinion that "Dante's and Milton's poetic imaginings of hades fall far below the commonplace scenes at the solar surface." In an hour and a half Professor Young has seen one of these scarlet jets leap to a height of three hundred and fifty thousand miles, and vanish altogether in the next half-hour. If a railway train had the speed of a solar prominence, we could travel from New York to Washington in a few seconds.

Largely because we are no longer dependent on eclipses for opportunities of studying the chromosphere, we know more about the crimson flames than we do about the corona. We

know, for instance, that they are nothing but eruptions of incandescent hydrogen; that in some way they are connected with sun-spots; that they closely resemble our terrestrial clouds, and like them vary infinitely in form and moving; and that they



HUT FOR KINEMATOGRAPH USED FOR FIRST TIME IN ECLIPSE OBSERVATION, TO RECORD PASSAGE OF MOON'S SHADOW, BY THE MARQUIS OF GRAHAM, INDIA, 1898



RECORD OF SIR NORMAN LOCKYER'S PRISMATIC CAMERA. ECLIPSE OF 1898. TWO SPECTRA TAKEN AT ABOUT ONE SECOND'S INTERVAL.

must have something to do with the auro-  
ral flashes which we call the "northern  
lights."

Among the minor phenomena to which  
the eclipse of 1905 will give rise, and which  
will be minutely watched by at least one  
member of each expedition, are the so-called  
"shadow bands"—curiously rippling rib-  
bons of light and shade that flit in parallel  
lines over the landscape. Rarely, if ever,  
are the shadow bands of one eclipse exactly  
like those of its predecessor, either in direc-  
tion and rapidity of movement or in dimen-  
sions. That is why the problem of ascer-  
taining their origin is so intricate and why  
so little is known about them. A scientist  
gifted with more poetic feeling than most of  
his tribe has prettily likened them to "visi-  
ble wind"; and that they are at least con-  
trolled in direction by the wind seems fairly  
certain. Efforts to photograph them have  
of late years been made. Their meaning is  
still a profound mystery.

Least important of all the work which  
confronts the eclipse expert, least important  
because it is a hopeless task, is the search for  
planets between Mercury and the sun. It  
was the great Leverrier who first started  
the myth of the inter-mercurial planet  
Vulcan, basing his conclusions on purely  
mathematical reasoning. Scientific rever-  
ence for his rare attainments has led almost  
every astronomer to search for this planet  
during an eclipse. Once, indeed, two ob-  
servers did report the discovery of a lumi-

nous body which they conceived to be  
the fabled Vulcan; but their apocryphal  
planet has never since been seen. It is not  
likely that it will make its appearance on  
August 30, 1905.

An enumeration of the apparatus carried  
at great expense to distant parts of the earth  
to observe a solar eclipse would read like  
a page from an instrument-maker's cata-  
logue. There are polariscopes to study the  
light of the corona; cameras with a focal  
length of one hundred feet and more to  
photograph every phase of the eclipse;  
photometers to measure the intensity of the  
coronal light; spectroscopes to analyze the  
light of the prominences and the corona,  
and to reveal hitherto undiscovered ele-  
ments in the sun, if there are any; heat-  
measuring devices to ascertain the radiant  
energy of the corona—devices so sensitive  
that they can measure the heat emitted by a  
man's face at the distance of a mile; cœlo-  
stats that automatically turn with the sun  
and keep its reflected image on any desired  
point; polar axes which likewise keep pace  
with the apparent motion of the sun and  
on which complicated cameras are carried;  
transits to determine the latitude and longi-  
tude of the eclipse-station; equatorial tele-  
scopes for ordinary visual observation; and  
other devices which it would be tiresome to  
mention. All these instruments must be  
carefully mounted long before the eclipse is  
to take place, and once more painstakingly  
tested.

# The Occultation of Florian Amidon

BY HERBERT QUICK

SYNOPSIS.—*The previous instalments relate how Florian Amidon, banker in a small Wisconsin city, starts on a short journey in June, 1896, leaves the train at a junction and knows nothing more until he awakes in a sleeping-car approaching New York city in February, 1901. He discovers that he has the clothes and other effects of a Eugene Brassfield, oil-dealer, of Bellevale, Pennsylvania. To add to the dilemma, in Amidon's pockets are love-letters signed "Elizabeth Waldron." In New York two "occultists," Mme. Clara le Claire and her father, Professor Blatherwick, restore Amidon to the Brassfield consciousness and find out much about the oil-man. Amidon meets an old friend, Judge Blodgett, who goes to Bellevale to make further investigations. Amidon follows, accompanied by the occultists, and meets Elizabeth, to whom it appears Brassfield was engaged, at the station. He afterward calls on the girl, who is full of plans for her future home, but he manages to keep her in ignorance of the situation. Amidon discovers that Brassfield, while a prosperous and capable business man, is not one of the finest caliber. Although engaged, he had flirted the previous summer with a Miss Scarlett, who is now in Bellevale on a visit. This troubles Amidon, who is the soul of honor. But Brassfield is popular in the town and is a prominent member of a secret society—the Ancient Order of Christian Martyrs. Amidon's difficulties in taking up Brassfield's business may be imagined, and sometimes he has to be put into the Brassfield consciousness by the occultists in order to straighten things out. The real Amidon falls in love with Elizabeth, which fact greatly disturbs Mme. le Claire, who has conceived a passion for the young man herself. She notes that while in the Brassfield consciousness Amidon apparently makes love to her, and she plans a scheme to keep him in this state.*

## XVI

### THE "STRAWBERRY BLONDE"

The year will all be summer weather,  
When speech and action go together;  
When Aucassin's sage words are met  
In all his deeds with Nicolette;  
And if fair Daphne's words be free,  
Look not too soon her swain to be:  
The year will all be summer weather,  
When speech and action go together!

—Song from the *Monarch of Nil*.

**M**ISS DAISY SCARLETT, sitting on a piano-stool, with one foot curled up under her, was entertaining Dr. Julia Brown and Miss Flossie Smith, who had called upon her at the home of Major Pumphrey, her uncle. Miss Scarlett was well and shiveringly known in Bellevale, where she visited often, and was generally esteemed for her many good qualities of

heart and mind, and for the infinite variety of her contributions to the sensations of a not overturbulent social swim. Her entertainment in this instance consisted in readings from a certain book which must be regarded as an early literary imprudence of a most estimable writer. The particular selection rendered by Miss Scarlett was the one (unknown, I presume, to my readers—no, dear, we haven't it) which informs us what the first person singular feminine, being invited into paradise, would do if the third person singular masculine, down in the regions infernal, should open his beautiful arms and smile. Miss Scarlett read ill sentiments very well, and Miss Smith laid violent hands on herself and looked shocked.

"Oh, Daisy!" she exclaimed, "don't, please don't!"

"Oh, Flossie!" said Miss Daisy, imitatively, "don't pretend! That poem is simply great."

Doctor Brown laughed, quite after the

manner of the bass villain in the comic opera.

"The dissecting-table," said she, "brings all these beautiful arms and brows to the same dead level of tissue—unpoetical, but real."

Miss Scarlett liberated her foot, spun about, and dashed into a stormy prelude, modulating into the accompaniment to the refrain of Sullivan's "Once Again," which she sang with much fervor.

She was about the height of a well-grown girl of twelve or thirteen, and had appealing eyes of delft-blue, and a round face of peachy softness. Her hair was undeniably red, of a shade which put to shame such verbal mitigations as "auburn" or "golden," and was of tropic luxuriance and anarchistic disposition. It was curled and uncurled and strayed all about her brow-and neck like an explosion of spun lava. For the rest, had she really been a little girl of twelve, one would feel free to describe her as fat and roly-poly; but in the case of a young spinster of somewhere in her third decade, well gowned and stayed and otherwise in physical subjection to the modiste, and singing of love like a diva, what can one say? No more than this, perhaps, that the fortunate man who carries her off the field a prize, will realize before he has got very far that he has captured something.

"Love, once again; meet me once again!  
Old love is waking: shall it wake in vain?"

Thus sang Miss Scarlett, ending with a fervid cadenza. Then she turned about, sitting with her feet very wide, and faced Doctor Brown.

"Dissecting-table, indeed!" she burst forth. "I tell you, it's blasphemy to speak of making such use of a nice man! But, if I could pick 'em out, so as to be sure the right ones were dissected, I don't know but I'd agree."

Flossie Smith said that some of them ought to be put to *some* use; and Doctor Brown, having reminded the company of her profession, merely laughed again.

"Here I am, down from Allentown," Miss Scarlett proceeded, "on purpose to be stayed with flagons and comforted with apples, as I have been here in the past. I wanted to have a good sort of lackadaisical time with the nice boys here, and I've had to stay—I don't know how long—on a

famine diet of women and girls. It makes me swearing mad!"

"I like that!" said Flossie. "I really like that!"

"Well, I don't," Miss Scarlett went on. "I'm not used to it. To be left alone—oh, of course Billy Cox has been trying to butt in, but what good is he? My Hercules, my Roman Antony, who won my trusting heart last summer, at a time when I had just got it back from what I had thought a final and total loss—I find him away, and when he gets back, because, forsooth, he happens to be newly engaged, he's so wrapped up in a little thing like that, that he might as well have stayed in New York. He doesn't respond when I ring up his office on the telephone; he doesn't see me on the street—he seems scared. I've a good mind to give him something to be scared about!"

"Your condition," said the doctor, "is verging upon the pathological."

"I don't know what path it's verging on," was the reply, "but it isn't the primrose of dalliance. There's some mystery in it."

"Go to Mme. What's-her-Name down at the hotel," said Flossie. "She has solved almost all the mysteries we used to have—for a consideration. And she is said to have superior facilities for observing this Great Brassfield Mystery of yours."

"I must!" replied Miss Scarlett, looking out of the window. "There's Billy Cox just going into his house! What a pity for a bachelor to have such a big house all to himself—it has filled me with sighs for the past week, that thought! Oh, girls, I've an idea! Let's call him over and have him take us down to her.—Central! Give me 432, please.—Is this you, Billy? This is Daisy. Don't you want to do something for me?—Oh, you behave, now! We want you to take us somewhere downtown, so don't take off your coat. We'll explain when you come over. Good-by!"

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Flossie. "I don't care about Mr. Cox, nor his big house! And the doctor and I have just started——"

"Oh, we can't go," said the doctor, "but that won't break Daisy's heart; she didn't expect we would, did you?"

"Well, I shall be sorry not to have you with us, of course," said Miss Scarlett. "But if you must go, how would it do for you

to slip away before Billy comes in, so as to leave him to me? I may be able to make something of Billy, if I'm allowed to have my way with him. *Must* you go? So glad you called. Of course, we shall meet at our reception? Good-by!"

Mme. le Claire looked amusedly down upon Miss Scarlett. The bright-haired one was questioning her concerning her mystic art.

Could she see into the future?

Sometimes, when the conditions were right.

Could she read thoughts?

Let the lady judge, upon the statement that two men, one with brown and the other with gray eyes, had been much in the lady's thoughts lately.

Marvelous! And could she tell what her thoughts in that connection had been? Well, never mind about that! Did she know about palmistry? And could she *really* put people under her influence so that they must do as she willed? How nice that must be! And would she and the professor come up to the Pumphreys' reception and arrange to give a program of occult feats for the entertainment of the guests?

Surely; that was a part of their profession.

During these negotiations Mr. Cox waited outside, and Florian Amidon, meeting him in the lobby and being accosted as 'Gene, stopped for a talk, fearing to slight some dear but unknown friend. The word "'Gene" was becoming a sort of round shot across the bows in his Bellevue cruises. The parley (concerning wells and tanks) he cut as short as possible, and passing on, started up the stairway.

Halfway up, there was a broad landing, and as Florian turned upon this, he saw at the head of the flight the blast-furnace of hair, the striking hat and the pleasantly rounded figure of Clara's visitor—a person to him quite unknown. Fate, however, seemed to have in store for him an extraordinary introduction, for instantly he was aware of the descent upon him of a fiery comet of femininity. The lady seemed to be falling downstairs. With a little cry, she descended, partly flying, partly falling, partly sliding down the banister—a whirl of superheated hair, swirling skirts, and wide, appealing eyes of delft-blue. Amidon

caught her in his arms, and sought to place her gently on her feet; but in the pure chance and accident of the encounter, her arms had fallen about his neck, and she hung upon him in something quite like a hug.

"Oh! oh!" said she, "the idea of your flying to me like that! But it's nice of you!"

Amidon bowed distantly.

"I am very glad," said he, "to have been of any service, even at the risk of seeming familiarity, in saving you from a fall. I hope you will pardon me, a stranger, for so far—"

"A stranger!" she ejaculated; "oh, heavens! Leave me, 'Gene! Go away!"

The "Go away" was pronounced as Mr. Cox appeared at the foot of the stairs. Amidon passed on, now fully aware of having committed a *faux pas*. Looking back, he saw Miss Scarlett leaning against a newel-post as if in agitation; saw Mr. Cox come up and lead her down; and as she disappeared, leaning weakly on her escort's arm, the mop of rumpled hair faded from his sight like a receding fire-ship. Who could she be? Suddenly Alvard's whispered caution flashed upon his mind, and he knew that he had encountered, embraced and repudiated the Strawberry Blonde. He paused for a moment to think over the situation—considerations of policy were coming more and more to appeal to him as guides, and he found himself feeling vulpine and furtive. But here, thought he, would it not really have been best to temporize with the situation, and not to have terminated all relations with Miss Scarlett in this public way? Would it not—

Then rolled over his heart the consciousness of the manifold glories of his Elizabeth's womanhood. Temporize with another woman? The very thought repelled him. He involuntarily brushed his coat where it had supported and encircled Miss Scarlett. He felt a sense of unworthiness in having, even of necessity and for a proper purpose, embraced this other girl. Looking up, he saw Judge Blodgett regarding him like a portly accusing angel from the head of the stairway. He made a feint at assisting Amidon in brushing his coat.

"Those red ones," said he, "are the very devil for showing on black! I'd carry a whisk-broom, if I were you!"

"Blodgett," said Amidon, "I don't care

to be chaffed about an accident of that sort."

"Oh, certainly not!" said the judge. "But pick off the ringleads all the same. And say, Florian, of course, I don't count, but there was another fellow at the foot of the stairs, the junior in the firm of Fuller & Cox, my fellow-practitioners; and in accidents of this sort one sometimes does as much damage as a regular cloud of witnesses."

Amidon moved on in disgust. And the poor faithful fellow, that his spiritual tone might be restored, sat down and read once more his Bible, the letter superscribed in the large, scrawly hand, "To Be Read En Route."

## XVII

### SOME ALTERNATIONS IN THE CURRENT

One made himself a name for skill to trace  
To its last hiding-place,  
Each secret Mother Earth engaged to  
save,  
Of jungle, sea or cave.  
No path so devious but he mastered it;  
And, bit by bit,  
From off the face of Mystery he tore  
The veil she wore;  
Then, turning inward all his skill in seeing,  
To solve the knot of Being,  
In the deep crypts of Self fordone he lay,  
Quite cast away.

—*Adventures in Egoism.*

Every morning, now, a box of flowers went up to Elizabeth, at the house with the white columns; and every evening Mr. Amidon bravely followed. The terror he felt of women was now overpowered by the greater terror of losing this woman, and the fortitude and resolution he possessed in all other fields of action were returning to him. His violets and carnations she always wore for him, and all the roses except the red ones, which she put in vases and kept near her, but did not wear. She was ineffably kind and sweet, in a high and pure and far-off way fit for Olympus; but all the intimate little coquetries and tricks of charm with which she had at first received and disconcerted him were gone. She talked to him in that low voice of hers; but oftener she sat silent, her hands busy with some work, and seemed to desire him to talk to her.

Since that first night, he could not bring himself to act a part, further than to as-

sume the name and place of Eugene Brassfield. He stood afar off, looked at his divinity and worshiped. He read to her her favorite books, and ventured somewhat, out of his exceptional knowledge, to expound them—whereat she looked away and listened with something of the astonishment with which she had received his disquisitions on poetry and art on that first unlucky evening. For the most part, however, he, too, was inclined to silences, in which he looked at Elizabeth and longed for her love. The love she had given to Brassfield seemed to him based on the deceitful pretensions of that wretch, and in any case it was not his, and he felt repelled from accepting it. He yearned to show her the soul of Florian Amidon, purified, adorned, and dedicated to her.

Once or twice she had hinted at something fateful which she wanted to say to him; but he had begged her to wait. After a few days of this slavish devotion of his, she seemed less aloof, not quite so much the unattainable goddess.

She gave him her hand, as usual, one evening at parting.

"I shall not expect to see you to-morrow," said she, "until we meet at the Pumphreys' reception. Until then, good-by."

"I thought," said he, "that if you would permit, I should like to call in the afternoon—say at three or four. May I?"

He looked so pleadingly at her, holding the little hand in both of his, that it is no wonder her color rose. It was like the worshipful inception of a new courtship.

"I shall be invisible," said she, "all day—so you must wait."

"It is hard to wait," he answered, "when you are so near."

"I will try to make amends," said she, "by endeavoring to be as beautiful as—as you used to describe me—at the reception. Good night!"

He raised her hand to his lips and kissed it. To have done more, he felt, would have spoiled all. She went in, more nearly happy than at any time since his return, but sorely puzzled. "I shall never understand him," she thought.

Mrs. Major Pumphrey standing in line with Miss Scarlett and Mrs. Pumphrey's sister from Wisconsin; a procession of people coming in by twos and threes, and steered by attendants into rooms for doffing

wraps; a chain of bewrapped human beings circulating past the receiving line and listening to Mrs. Pumphrey's assurances that she was delighted to welcome them that she might have the pleasure of introducing them to her sister—and, of course, they knew Miss Scarlett; an Italian harpist who played ceaselessly among palms; a

from his divinity a little, uncertain pressure of the hand. Then came his respects to Mrs. Pumphrey. Amidon started as he recognized in the bright-haired second person in line his fairy of the banisters.

"So delighted to see you here, Mr. Brassfield!" said Mrs. Pumphrey. "It gives me the opportunity of presenting you



*Drawn by Orson Lowell*

INSTANTLY HE WAS AWARE OF THE DESCENT UPON HIM  
OF A FIERY COMET OF FEMININITY

punch-bowl presided over by Flossie Smith and Mrs. Alvord; a mélange of black coats, pretty frocks and white arms and shoulders; a glare of lights; a hum like a hive's—in short, a reception. Such was the function to which Florian made his way, waiting until he could arrive concomitantly with the Waldron carriage, so that he might hand the ladies therefrom, and receive

to—why, Daisy, where's your auntie gone? She was here just now!"

"She was called away for a few moments," said Miss Scarlett. "Yes, I believe Mr. Brassfield and I have met"—this with an icy bow—"and please, Mr. Cox, don't go, until I have told you the end of the story!" And she went on vivaciously chatting to Billy Cox, who had

moored himself as close to her as the tide of guests sweeping by her would permit. Which current swept Mr. Amidon onward as he was in the act of assuring his hostess of his sense of loss in her sister's absence—until an eddy left him in a quiet corner, where he found absorbing occupation in trying to imagine again as vividly as possible that pressure of the hand. Was it meant as an evidence of affection?—or did her foot slip, so that she clung to his hand to prevent a fall?

This question seemed of the most transcendent importance to him, and he debated it mentally all the evening, as he talked the set conversation of such an occasion. He knew no one; but everyone knew him; yet he had no difficulty in getting on, because there was no sense in any of the conversation. Bright eyes flashed meaning and soulful glances into his, as sweet lips said things which he could answer quite as well as if the context of the conversation had been as familiar to him as it was supposed to be. Platitudes, generalities, inanities; and inanities, platitudes and generalities in reply. Amidon looked the part of Brassfield perfectly, and on occasions of this sort, to look the part is quite enough.

He found Elizabeth again, surrounded by a circle of admirers—men and women—an oasis of intelligence, it seemed to him as he listened, in a desert of twaddle. She smiled at him with her eyes, as he looked at her through the press, and just as he had won to a place by her side the tide was sent flooding into a large room where, it was announced, Professor Blatherwick and Mme. le Claire were doing feats of occultism.

"Laties ant shentlemen"—it was the professor who spoke—"you are at liperty, of gourse, to adopt any t'eory vich seems to you goot to eggsblain dese phenomena. Mme. le Claire offers none. Ven she hass broduced te phenomena, she iss—she iss all in! If dey seem to you to be de vork of tiseempodied spirits, fery vell—goot! Sometimes it seems so to her. If you rekard letchertemain as a sufficient vorking hypot'esis, vy, letchertemain goes, and upon dat hypot'esis ve vill continue to vork de miracles ant de public. Id iss kvite de same to Mme. le Claire. Id iss only fair to say, howefer, dat she hass nefer yet detected herself in any fraut. Bud she offers

no eggsblānātion; she chust gifes dese tests for your gonsiteration."

A ripple of laughter and a buzz of interested comment ran through the room.

"But how wās it possible for her to get her hands loose?" said one.

"I assure you," said Mrs. Meyer, she of the "Parsifal" impressions—"I assure you that what she told me was unknown not only to everyone else, but to me also; but it turned out true. It's uncanny!"

"It's humbug," said the bass voice of Doctor Brown, "and until you show me the source of this 'occult' energy, I shall so contend. Animal magnetism and sleight-of-hand! What do you think, Mrs. Hunter?"

Amidon looked across and saw—Mrs. Hunter, of Hazelhurst! It was she and her daughter from whom he had bashfully flown to the buffet just before he alighted from the train at Elm Springs Junction. Could it be possible?

"Do you know the lady talking with Doctor Brown?" he asked of Miss Waldron.

"Mrs. Hunter?" said Elizabeth, questioning. "Why, didn't you meet her when you came in? She is Mrs. Pumphrey's sister, of Hazelhurst, Wisconsin. She receives with Mrs. Pumphrey to-night."

"I thought it was Mrs. Hunter as soon as I saw her," answered Amidon; "she is an old acquaintance of mine."

And it was some little time, so far had he forgotten his peculiar position, before the baleful possibilities of this innocent and truthful remark occurred to him. When he thought of it, any observing friend might well have inquired after his health, so gray with pallor and moist with sweat had his face become. Not that he felt hanging over him any such danger as he had feared when he found himself in the shoes of another man, with that other man unaccounted for. He really cared very little about *that*, now. The people of Bellevalle, and Hazelhurst, too, might think what they pleased about this mystery of disappearance and reappearance: he was independent of them all, and those he really cared about would understand.

But Elizabeth! Everything now revolved about her. Now that she had grown so dear—that she had come to smile upon him in his new character—how could he let her know that this Eugene Brassfield whom she so admired and loved

was no more forever; and that Florian Amidon had never seen her, never loved her, never wooed her until these past few days! Would she ever see him again? Could she regard him as anything else than an interloper and an impostor? His right to Brassfield's clothes and Brassfield's fortune might be as clear as Judge Blodgett said; but would not Elizabeth feel that as to *her* he had attempted the very deed of which he had first suspected himself—fraud and robbery? And her "perfect lover," whom Amidon habitually thought of as "that fellow Brassfield"—all the perfections which Elizabeth had learned to attribute to him would no longer be credited to Amidon. It was tragic!

As a matter of fact, beloved, any man would have been a perfect lover, or none at all, to Elizabeth. A perfect lover is the noblest work of woman.

"Te autience," went on the professor, "vill haf te eggstreme gourtesy to assist in a temonstration of M<sup>me</sup>. le Claire's power as a hypnotist. Not efery vun gan pe hypnoticed te fairst dime; bud ve vill try. Vill te autience bleace suchest te name of a laty or shentleman as a supcheet?"

"Doctor Brown!" said many voices. "Alvord!" said others. But most of the votes appeared to be for Brassfield—a name which the professor hailed joyfully as insuring against failure. It is not often that the audience will hit upon the only practiced sensitive in the room.

"Mr. Prassfielt vill greatly opliche by goming forvart," said he; and, as he had learned to do, Amidon obeyed the professor's request.

Elizabeth, standing near Mrs. Hunter, heard an agitated exclamation from that lady as Mr. Amidon went forward.

"For heaven's sake," said she, "it's Florian Amidon!"

"Who?" inquired Mrs. Pumphrey—



*Drawn by Orson Lowell*

JUDGE BLODGETT . . . MADE A FEINT AT ASSISTING  
AMIDON IN BRUSHING HIS COAT

"that? Why, that's our chief citizen, Mr. Eugene Brassfield."

Elizabeth heard no more, but in spite of perplexity at what she regarded as Mrs. Hunter's recognition of her lover's face and forgetfulness of his name, she could not help noticing Mrs. Hunter's excited talk to her sister, and the meaning glances finally directed toward her, Elizabeth. Whereat, to hide a little rosy flush, Miss Waldron turned more completely toward the place of the hypnotist.

Mme. le Claire stood in the curtained alcove, empty save for the great tiger-skin rug, the dais, and a chair or two. She was gowned once more in the yellow and black, and stood in tigrine splendor *cap-à-pie*. Amidon felt her old power over him, as he approached her and looked into those mysterious eyes, and knew that he should do her bidding. She looked at his troubled countenance, and pitied him for his long evening of mental strain. She had seen his devotion to Elizabeth, and, be it confessed, was jealous in spite of herself. Pity and jealousy inspired the plan which now for the first time formed in her mind: she would restore Eugene Brassfield to this company in which he was so completely at home, and lay the troubled ghost, Amidon.

She bowed deeply, and waved him to the chair. Then she performed the charm of "woven paces and of waving arms," and he slept, "lost to life and use and name and fame."

"When he opens his eyes," said she, "he will know nothing, think nothing, do nothing, except what I suggest."

"Make him dance with the broom!" suggested Cox.

"Give him this," said Alvord, offering a coin, "and make him think it's hot. People in this neighborhood would go farther to see Brassfield drop a piece of money than to interview a live dinosaur!"

The laughter at this sally was lost on Mme. le Claire. She was looking down upon the unconscious Amidon, and wondering how anyone could think of making him the instrument of buffoonery.

"I will perform only one simple, yet very difficult, test," said she. "This gentleman will soon wake as Mr. Brassfield, and will be his old and usual self among you until a certain hour, which I will write on this card, and seal up in this envelope, so that no one will know, and inform Mr. Brassfield by suggestion. When that particular moment arrives, wherever he may be, whatever he may be doing, he will enter the cataleptic state. The test is regarded as a severe and perfect one. The card will remain in the possession of Major Pumphrey until it succeeds or fails, and the envelope will then be opened."

Kneeling upon the dais, she seemed whispering in the subject's ear. Then,

tapping his wrist, she said, decisively, "Wake!"

It was Eugene Brassfield who opened his eyes upon a circle of his friends, associates and cronies. He rose lightly and confidently, and laughed at the chaffing of his friends. He bowed low to Mme. le Claire, and moved across the room to Elizabeth's side, with an air of incipient proprietorship.

"No true lover of carnations," he confided to her, "could wish you to wear them as you do to-night."

"Really?" she queried. "I suppose I ought to ask why."

"It isn't fair to the flowers," said he. "Flowers have rights, you know; and to be outdone in sweetness— Ah, Jim! Go away, and don't bother me! Don't you see I'm very busy?"

"Old man," said Alvord, answering to the name of "Jim," "it's good to see you as you are to-night—your old self."

Self-possessed, masterful, Mr. Brassfield moved through the assembly like a conqueror. Those who, a short time ago, found him dull and moody, rejoiced now in his confident persiflage, pitched safely in the restful key of mediocrity, but possessed withal of a species of brilliancy, like the skilful playing of scales. Elizabeth noted the return of that dash and abandon which she had lately so missed—but for the first time the Brassfield music had a hollow ring in her ears. The subtler melody of last night—after all, it was best!

Mme. le Claire, immensely popular, gave readings in palmistry. Miss Smith was to have a husband with dark eyes. Mr. Brassfield offered to cross her palm with any gold coin she might name, if she would promise him a sweetheart with party-colored eyes, who would meet him for a long talk next day. Mme. le Claire blushed and dropped the hand.

Mr. Brassfield adroitly overtook Miss Scarlett, who seemed endeavoring to retreat. He stood by her, chatting lightly, using two voices—a distinct and conversational tone, and one so low as to be for her ear alone.

"Oh, isn't it a crush?" said he. "*(Daise, what's the matter?)* A perfect evening, though. *(Are you running away from me?)* And such delightful people! *(The east room in ten minutes: is it yes?)*"

Miss Scarlett nodded, and Brassfield



*Drawn by Orson Lowell*

WAITING UNTIL HE COULD ARRIVE CONCOMITANTLY WITH THE WALDRON CARRIAGE

moved on. Mrs. Pumphrey, Mrs. Hunter and Elizabeth Waldron were sipping punch.

"May I have some?" said he. "And, please, Mrs. Pumphrey, may I be presented to the guest of the evening?"

Mrs. Hunter received the introduction with a gasp.

"Is it possible," said she, "that you don't know me? Can the possessor of that voice and face be anyone but Florian Amidon?"

"Amidon, Amidon?" he repeated. "Pardon me, but some one else spoke that name to me lately, and I was trying to recall the circumstances. It is in every way on my part to be regretted, as the fact has deprived me of the happiness of knowing you, that I am not Mr. Amidon. Am I so like him?"

"Oh, it isn't a matter of resemblance, but of identity!" replied Mrs. Hunter. "Were you never in Hazelhurst, Wisconsin?"

"Never," said Mr. Brassfield; "but I am beginning to see its beauties as a place of residence. And I hope to know more of this other Dromio before the evening is past."

Mrs. Hunter bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment, and Mr. Brassfield took himself gracefully from their presence. In the fashion of one pressed for time, he moved on.

Elizabeth had grown suddenly very grave. What did this conduct of her lover mean? A little while ago he had recognized Mrs. Hunter, at a distance, as an old acquaintance. Now he had audaciously out faced her, and denied that he ever knew her. Could this be the man she had trusted with her all? These transformations of character, these curious duplicities, and now this lie. She must think it over: it impressed her, and she must act.

"Auntie," said she, "let us go."

As down the stairway they came, robed for departure, they were conscious of a hum of excitement running through the assembly.

"Where is he? The envelope has been opened and the time is up! Where is he?" were the cries. "It's eleven: it's a minute past eleven! Where's Mr. Brassfield?"

At this moment, a scream, a soprano scream, high, long-drawn and piercing,

the scream of a woman in terror, came echoing from the deserted east room. A body of guests rushed through the portières, Mme. le Claire, pale with fright, at their head, and Elizabeth borne with them, all looking to see what violence had provoked that scream. They saw Mr. Brassfield, seated on a sofa in a shadowy corner, holding both Miss Scarlett's hands in his; saw the girl frantically but in vain trying to take them from his grasp. He sat like a statue, with his eyes set wide and unwinking like a corpse's, every limb and muscle rigid, his body as tense and immovable as a stone image.

Mme. le Claire leaped forward like a tigress, so light was her step, and passed her hand over his eyes, so as to close them. Then, bending her gaze one moment piercingly upon his face, she sharply tapped his wrist and uttered the single word, "Wake!"

Florian Amidon opened his eyes. He saw that something extraordinary was taking place, for, in the act of opening his eyes, he had seen Miss Scarlett fall back into the arms of Mr. Cox.

"It iss now," said the professor, "vun minute past eleven. Te test, you vill atmit, hass been a complete success. Dis sairgumsdance vill pe noted as esdablisshing to a sairtain eggstent an important brinrible, ant hass been in effery vay bleasant ant a success: not?"

A laugh or two was heard, then more laughter, then a little hum of reviving talk, and one could observe that the affair was to be passed off as one of the mysteries of occultism.

"Well," said Mr. Amidon, "if I have contributed my share to the gaiety of the occasion, I shall beg now to be permitted to depart."

The Waldrons were waiting for their carriage as he came down.

"There will be plenty of assistance," said the aunt, "and we shall not need to detain you."

"Oh, auntie, auntie!" wept Elizabeth, when they were safely alone, "there was a spell upon him, as you say, there in the east room, but the spell that took him there was none of the hypnotist's working! I am ashamed, and humiliated, and robbed of all I have to live for! He went there, auntie, of his own accord, *and left me!*"

(To be concluded)



BY CARDINAL GIBBONS

**T**HE family is the source of society; the wife is the source of the family. If the fountain is not pure, the stream is sure to be foul and muddy.

In pagan countries, the history of woman has been, with rare exceptions, an unbroken record of bondage, oppression and moral degradation. She had no rights that the husband felt bound to respect. In many of the ancient empires of Asia, the wife was bought as a slave in the market-place. Her life was one of abject misery and unrequited toil.

One day she ministered to the capricious passion of her husband. The next she was exposed to all the revulsions of feeling that follow the gratification of animal appetites.

By the baneful influence of polygamy, her empire over the domestic kingdom was divided, and her conjugal rights violated.

And every woman, no matter of what rank, once in her life had to submit to dishonor in the Temple of Venus, at the hands of a stranger.

No rule was prescribed limiting the number of wives for each household. A maiden remaining unmarried till her eighteenth year was threatened with the most severe punishment in the life to come.

The Persians regarded the strength of the nation as depending rather upon the num-

ber of the children than upon integrity of morals.

Among the Huns and Goths, a man's dignity was estimated by the number of his wives.

Among the Gauls, the cultivation of land, and lives of drudgery, were imposed upon wives, while the husbands devoted their time to warlike pursuits.

In Greece a woman was not actually degraded to the level of a slave, but she was treated as a minor, and under perpetual tutelage. First, to her father, then to her husband, and in her widowhood, even, to her sons. Being without sons, her husband had it in his power to appoint a guardian to succeed him after death.

A Greek wife lived, too, in almost entire seclusion, not even occupying the same apartments with her husband. She never went abroad alone, she received no male visitors in the absence of her husband, and was not permitted to eat at her own table when male guests were present.

Her instruction was confined to the most necessary household duties, except for a limited knowledge of music and dancing to enable her to take part in religious festivals.

It is true that Greek law restricted a man to one wife, but it tolerated, even sanctioned, the hetairai, who bore to him the relation that inferior wives bear. Frequently these hetairai enjoyed more of the society and homage of men than did their lawful wives.

Besides, the greatest care was lavished upon the cultivation of their minds, to fit them to become witty and entertaining companions.

And this demoralizing system was actually defended and patronized by philosophers and leaders of public opinion.

This is the dark but truthful picture which is left as a record of the past of the most polished nation of pagan antiquity.

In Rome monogamy was upheld, at least nominally, during the earlier days of the republic. But the wife only was punished for violation of the marriage vows. A husband's transgressions were committed with impunity.

During the empire the disorders of nuptial life increased to an alarming extent. Each party could dissolve the marriage bond at will, and under the most trifling pretext, and both were free to enter at once into second wedlock. So notoriously disgusting were morals during the reign of Augustus that men preferred the unfettered life of celibacy to an alliance with partners bereft of female virtue.

In Turkey, to-day, woman fares no better under modern Mohammedanism than she did in ancient Greece. The Mohammedan husband has merely to say to his wife, "Thou art divorced," and the bond is dissolved.

The world is always governed more by ideals than by ideas; it is influenced far more by living, concrete models than by abstract principles of virtue. The Christian woman is everywhere confronted by her great model, the peerless Mother of our Blessed Redeemer, who was the pattern alike for maiden, wife and mother.

The Church, following the maxims of the Gospel and of St. Paul, proclaims woman the peer of man in origin and destiny; in redemption by the blood of Christ; and in participation of his spiritual gifts.

And as woman's origin and destiny are the same as man's, so is her dignity equal to his. As they are partakers of the same spiritual gifts, so should they share alike the blessings and prerogatives of domestic life.

In the mind of the Church, however, equal rights do not imply that both sexes should engage promiscuously in the same pursuits, but rather that each sex should discharge those duties which are adapted to its physical constitution, and sanctioned by the canons of society.

To restrict woman's field of action to the gentler avocations of life, is not to fetter her aspirations after the higher and better life. It is, on the contrary, to secure to her those supereminent rights that cannot fail to endow her with a sacred influence in her own proper sphere.

As soon as woman entrenches upon the domain of man, she is apt to find that the reverence once accorded her is wholly or in part withdrawn. To debar her from such pursuits, is not to degrade her.

Of all the boons conferred by the Church upon women, the greatest is its vindication of the unity, the sanctity, the indissolubility of marriage.

The holiness of the marriage bond is the palladium of woman's dignity, while divorce and polygamy involve her in bondage and degradation.

The Church has ever maintained that no man can lawfully have more than one wife; and no woman more than one husband; for the rights and obligations of both consorts are correlative.

The Church has invariably taught that the marriage compact, once validly formed, can be dissolved only by death.

While admitting that there may be legitimate cause for separation, she never consents to the absolute dissolution of the marriage bond.

For so strong and violent are the passion of love, and its opposite passion, hate, that once a solitary pretext for absolute divorce is admitted, others are quickly invented. Experience has demonstrated the truth of this the world over. When it happens, a fearful crevice is made in a moral embankment, for the rush of waters is sure to override every barrier that separates a man from his desires.

Every law has its inconveniences and compensations. The law of the Church absolutely prohibiting divorce *a vinculo* may sometimes appear rigorous and cruel. But its harshness is mercy itself when compared with the frightful miseries resulting from the toleration of divorce. Its inconvenience is infinitesimal, when contrasted with the colossal evils from which it saves society, and the solid blessings which it secures to countless homes.

The Christian wife is regarded as the peer of her husband. She is honored as the mistress of her household, and is not looked upon as a tenant at will, as were the wives of

Greece and Rome. She is respected as the queen of the domestic kingdom, to be dethroned only by death.

Woman has been elevated and ennobled by the Gospel, but she has not been ungrateful for the boon conferred. She merits the gratitude of the entire Christian world for the influence she has exerted, and still is exerting, in behalf of religion, and of society, and of the home.

By prayer, by charity, by good example, women are apostles. They offer up in the sanctuary of their own homes, and on the altars of their hearts, the acceptable sacrifice of supplication, praise and thanksgiving to God.

But the holiest part of their apostleship consists in instructing their offspring in the ways of God. For the education of the young should begin at the mother's knee.

The mind of a child, like softened wax, receives with ease the first impressions, which are always the most lasting. Mothers, therefore, should watch with a jealous eye the unfolding of the infant mind, and pour into it the seed of heavenly knowledge. On mothers devolves the duty of directing the susceptible and pliant thoughts of their children, and of instilling into their youthful hearts the principles of piety. It is theirs to plant the seed of the word of God in the virgin soil, and when a more experienced hand is needed, the ministers of God will not be found wanting in developing its growth.

We would, then, exhort mothers, in the name of the holy religion which they profess; in the name of their country, which expects them to rear, not scourges of society, but honorable and law-abiding members; in the name of God, who requires them to have their offspring fed with sound doctrine; in

the name of their own eternal salvation and that of the souls committed to their care, to provide for their children, *at home*, a healthy, moral and religious education.

Religion teaches that we are all children of the same Father, brothers and sisters of the same Redeemer, and consequently, members of the same family.

Religion, therefore, is the fostering mother of charity; charity is the guardian of civility and good breeding; and good breeding is one of the essential elements of the well-being of society.

Good breeding, inspired by religion and charity, inculcates a constant self-denial.

Religion is the bond that unites man with his Creator. Religion is the only solid basis of society.

Religion, then, should be the queen of the household. It is a sacred bond, uniting all the members of a family in the ties of domestic love. It is the guardian of peace and contentment. It seasons the bread of labor. It is an unfailing source of wealth. For "godliness with sufficiency, is great wealth."

Religion is anterior to society. It is the focus of social virtues, the basis of all morals, the most powerful of all instruments, more enduring than any government.

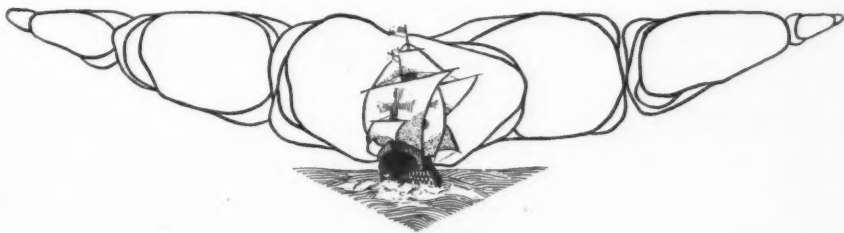
It is stronger than self-interest, more universal than honor, more active than love of country.

It is the curb of the mighty, the defense of the weak, the consolation of the afflicted.

Religion is the covenant of God with man.

And in the language of Homer, it is "the golden chain which suspends the earth from the throne of the Eternal."

Finally, religion is the one only safeguard of our earthly home and the only path by which we may hope to reach our heavenly one.



# Diversions of an Idler

BY AMBROSE BIERCE

## *On Posthumous Renown*



"N"O," said the Melancholy Author, "I do not expect my name to be shouted in brass on the frieze of Miss Helen Gould's 'Temple of Fame.'"

The Timorous Reporter ventured to inquire if that was because he had the misfortune to be alive.

"That is a disqualification that Time will remove," answered the Melancholy Author. "The ground of my hope is different: I shall cause to be inscribed upon my tombstone the lines following:

"Good friends, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To grieve the soul that's gone to—where?  
Blest be the man that spares my fame,  
And curst be he that flaunts my name!"

"The lines are admirable and extremely original," said the Timorous Reporter. "May I ask if your reluctance to have your name emblazoned in the Temple is due to disesteem of the methods and results of selection, or to that innate modesty which serves to distinguish you from the violet?"

"To neither. It is due to my consciousness of the futility of all attempts to perpetuate an individual fame. When I die my fame will die with me. It is mine no longer than I live to bear it. When there is no nominative there can be no possessive."

With evident pride in his epigram, the Melancholy Author celebrated it at the sideboard and, wiping his lips, continued:

"For illustration, you speak of Shakespeare's fame. But there is no Shakespeare. The fame that you speak of is not 'his'; it is ours—yours, mine and John Smith's. To call it 'his'—why, sir, that is as if one should concede the advantage of ownership to a vacuum. The dead are poor—they have nothing. Our mental confusion in this matter is no doubt largely due to our imperfect grammar: we have not enough cases in our declension; or, rather, we have not enough names for the cases that we

have. In the phrase 'a horse's tail' we say rightly that 'horse's' is in the possessive case: the animal really possesses—owns—the tail. But in the phrase 'a horse's price' there is no possessive, for the horse does not own the price: there should be another name for the case. When dead, the horse does not own even the tail. It is the same with 'Shakespeare's fame': while he lived the phrase contained a possessive case; now it is something different—merely what the Latin calls a genitive. Our name for it misleads the unenlightened and makes them think of a dead man as owning things. One of my ambitions, I may add, is to bring English grammar into conformity with fact, promoting thereby every moral, intellectual and material interest of the race!"

The Timorous Reporter summoned the courage to rouse him from ecstatic contemplation of the glory of his great reform by directing his disobedient attention to the fact that the Latin grammar, also, is defective, in that its genitive case is not supplemented by a possessive; yet the Romans appear to have had a pretty definite conception of "mine" and "thine," albeit the latter was less lucidly apprehended than the former and held a humbler place in the national conscience. Deigning to ignore the argument, the Melancholy Author resumed his discourse:

"Sir, posthumous fame being what it is—if nothing can be said to be something—the desire to attain it is comic. It seems the invention of a humorist, this ambition to attach to your name (and equally to that of every person bearing it, or to bear it hereafter) something that you will not know that you have attached to it. You labor for a result which you are to be forever unaware that you have brought about—for a personal gratification which you know that you are eternally forbidden to enjoy: if the gods ever laugh, do they not laugh at that?"

To signify his sense of the humor of the situation, the Melancholy Author fashioned

the visage of him to so poignant a degree of visible dejection as might have affected an open tomb with envy and despair.

"Some time," he continued, "the earth, her spinning retarded by the sun's tidal action, will turn on her axis only once a year, presenting always the same side to the sun, as Venus does now, and as the moon does to the earth. That side will be unthinkably hot; the other, dark and unthinkably cold. Of man and his works nothing will remain. Later, the sun's light and fire exhausted, he and all his attendant planets and their satellites will whirl, as dead invisible bulks, through the black reaches of space to some inconceivable doom. Suppose that then a man who died to-day—or yesterday in Assyria—should be miraculously revived. He would think that he had waked from a sleep of an instant's duration. What to him would seem to have been the advantage of what he once knew as 'fame'—sometimes as 'immortality'? Would he not smile to learn, 'from report divine,' that his name had once evoked sentiments of admiration and respect—that it had been carved in stone or cast in metal to adorn a Temple of Fame? And when again, and finally, put to death for nothing, would not his last squeak and gurgle carry an aborted jest?"

"My boy," continued the Melancholy Author, suffering a look of compassion to defile the dread solemnity of his aspect, "I perceive that I have put the matter too strongly for you. You are not at home in the fields of space; you are disconcerted by the dirge of the spheres. Let us get back to earth as we have the happiness to know it. I will read you the concluding lines of a poem by an obscure pessimist, on the brevity of time and the futility of memorial structures:

"Then build your mausoleum if you must,  
And creep into it with a perfect trust;  
But in the twinkling of an eye the plow  
Shall pass without obstruction through  
your dust.

"Another movement of the pendulum  
And, lo! the desert-haunting wolf shall  
come  
And, seated on the spot, howl all the  
night  
O'er rotting cities, desolate and dumb."

Delighted with his ruse of binding an unresisting auditor by passing off his own poetry as that of another, the Melancholy

Author fell into a sea-green stupor, and the Timorous Reporter, edging himself quietly through the door of opportunity, departed that life.

### Fables and Anecdotes

Having been told by an angel that Noureddin Becar was the happiest man in the world, the sultan caused him to be brought to the palace and said:

"Impart to me, I command thee, the secret of thy happiness."

"O father of the sun and the moon," answered Noureddin Becar, "I did not know that I was happy."

"That," said the sultan, "is the secret that I sought."

Noureddin Becar retired in deep dejection, fearing that his new-found happiness might forsake him.

Two women in heaven claimed one man newly arrived.

"I was his wife," said one.

"I his sweetheart," said the other.

St. Peter said to the man: "Go down to the Other Place—you have suffered enough."

A violet softly sighed,

A hollyhock shouted above.

In the heart of the violet, pride;

In the heart of the hollyhock, love.

A man who had insured his life experienced a quickening of the conscience and sought the president of the company.

"I am told," said he, "that over and above your legitimate profits from the game you have an immense surplus. It seems to me that it belongs to the policy-holders."

"I don't know about that," the president replied, "but rather than have a controversy I would willingly give you your proportion right now."

"Then why don't you?" the man said.

"My friend," replied the king of finance in a low tone, looking cautiously about, "there is a question of delicacy. The money is tainted."

When a certain man was buried, the widow, standing at the graveside, did not

weep. "Vulgar creature!" said a neighbor—"she has no manners."

"Be charitable," said a keener observer; "she has forgotten her handkerchief."

"You are a beast of war," said the sheep to the lion, "yet men go gunning for you. Me, a believer in non-resistance, they do not hunt."

"They do not have to," replied the son of the desert; "they can breed you."

A thief was carrying away a red-hot stove.

"Why do you not set it down to cool?" asked an officer of the law.

"Because," said the thief, "I fear that you would arrest it."

"If you do not submit my claim to arbitration," wrote the President of Patagascars to the President of Madagonia, "I shall take immediate steps to collect it in my own way!"

"Sir," replied the President of Madagonia, "you may go to the devil with your threat of war."

"My great and good friend," wrote the other, "you mistake the character of my communication. It is an antepenultimatum."

Some heathens whose idol was greatly weatherworn threw it into a river, and erecting a new one, engaged in public worship at its base.

"What is this all about?" inquired the new idol.

"Father of joy and slaughter," said the high priest, "be patient and I will instruct you in the doctrines and rites of our holy religion."

A year later, after a course of study in theology, the idol asked to be thrown into the river, declaring himself an atheist.

"Do not let that trouble you," said the high priest—"so am I."

A famous statesman traveled to an unknown country whose inhabitants, divining

his character, implored him to give them wise counsel.

"Make your nation a republic," he said, "and you will have liberty."

"We already have liberty," they replied—"what is a republic?"

Greatly disconcerted, he left them and went into another land; and there also the people sought advice of his wisdom.

"Make your nation a republic," he said, as before, "and you will have liberty."

"This," they answered, "has been long a republic—what is liberty?"

The king of dogs was petitioned by one of his subjects, a reformer, to command that strangers when meeting should treat one another with amity and forbearance. He issued a royal rescript to that effect and ordered his petitioner to cry it through the world; but wherever the herald appeared he was set upon by the dogs of the locality and cruelly bitten before he could perform his duty.

"Alas!" he said, "I perceive that reform must be preceded by reformation."

A man had two sons. The elder was virtuous and dutiful, the younger wicked and crafty. When the father was about to die, he called them before him and said: "I have only two things of value—my herd of camels and my blessing. How shall I allot them?"

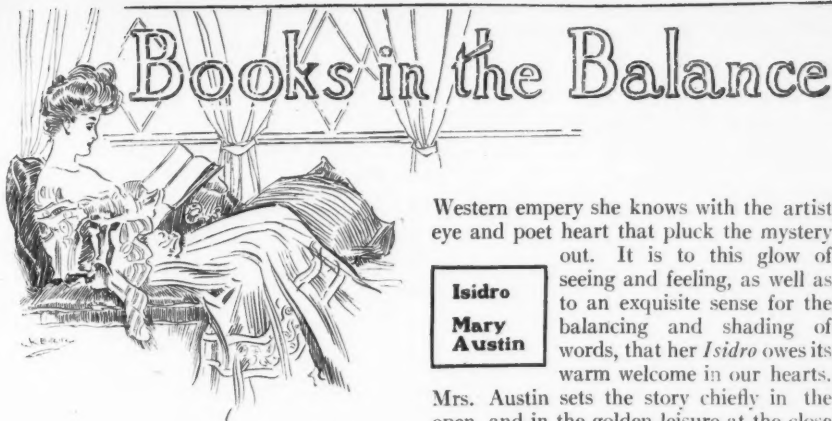
"Give to me," said the younger son, "thy blessing, for it may reform me. The camels I should be sure to sell and squander the money."

The elder, disguising his joy, said that he would try to be content with the camels and a pious mind.

It was so arranged and the man died. Then the wicked younger son went before the cad and said: "Behold, my brother has defrauded me of my lawful heritage. He is so bad that our father, as is well known, denied him his blessing; is it likely that he gave him the camels?"

So the elder brother was compelled to give up the herd and was soundly bastinadoed for his rapacity.





BY CATHERINE MARKHAM

**I**N *Fond Adventures*, Maurice Hewlett has dug out of old crypts and archives a quartette of such musky, dusk-dim stories as Browning loved. The tales, with Hewlett's Renaissance-like affluence, are charged with action, packed with event, drenched in poesy. One has

to hark back to Sidney's *Arcadia* to get another such prodigal portion of rapturous dangers, downfalls and deliverances. In "The Love Chase," a subtle Mona Lisa of a lady seems to bend to all men, but really sways men as

the moon the silly tide. One is not sorry to see the treacherous quicksilver of her caught at last into the hold of the tyrant Simone. "Brazenhead the Great" is more of the redoubtable captain who figured in *The New Canterbury Tales*—a liar of Falstaffian robustiousness whose delectable apocryphal proclivities are lent to the furthering of thwarted love, and the "doing" of crooked antique politics. A noble book is Hewlett's, to be read under pleached boughs, a book with the gold thread of genius shot into its lustrous texture.

Mary Austin knows historic California with the ardent interest and curious care that make old days stir and speak again; and all the wild wood and water of that

Western empery she knows with the artist eye and poet heart that pluck the mystery out. It is to this glow of seeing and feeling, as well as to an exquisite sense for the balancing and shading of words, that her *Isidro* owes its warm welcome in our hearts.

**Isidro**  
**Mary**  
**Austin**

Mrs. Austin sets the story chiefly in the open, and in the golden leisure at the close of the Franciscan era in California—a time when the valleys and hill-slopes were but one honeyed, hundred-colored, wild garden; when the twenty missions, each a day's journey from another, were the only gathering-places—the inns, the libraries, the churches.

There is a girl in the tale—a bright Perdita torn from a noble home to live with shepherds—and a youth whose Castilian eyes strike trouble to the hearts of ladies, a youth pledged to be a priest before he was born. These two, with an alcalde, and shepherds, and Indians, and padres, move on through forest and ranch and mission in the devious coils of those fates that would bewilder true love. But how *Isidro* won his Briar maid you shall read for yourself in this alluring romance, irised with youth, pungent with out-of-doors—the most poetic story that has yet bloomed out of the West.

No reader thirsty for adventure can complain of the measure of hap and mishap in

**The**  
**Black**  
**Barque**

**T. Jenkins**  
**Hains**

*The Black Barque*, by T. Jenkins Hains, a book, by the way, accepted by our Navy as a standard work for ship libraries. There is "rough house" on that ugly slaver all the way to Funchal and back to Havana. The chapters crackle with the snap of marooning and mutiny, desertion and recapture, storm and wreck, and these high lights are shaded off into the plenteous bickerings and brawlings of turbulent tars impressed into service, grouchy salts sprung from every seafaring breed of the New and

the Old World. There are no poetry, no philosophy, in the book. A love-story edges through it like the rim of a new moon, but the main interest lies in the restless, unholy voyaging. In the descriptions of the herding of the piteous cargo of blacks one gets an unforgettable impression of the hideous sights and sounds and smells of the reeking slave-pens. It is an uncovering of the past to bring shuddering upon the third and fourth generation of those Yankee traders whose proud families had their genesis in this Malebolgean traffic.

*The Iconoclasts*, by James Huneker, is a book written with what Flaubert called

**The  
Iconoclasts  
James  
Huneker**

"a wind." The rush of a vigorous spirituality is behind it, and the reach of a man who gets hold of "the centuple relations of the fact."

The author sweeps down over Europe, flashing before us in fluent colorful phrase his appraisal of the master dramatists of modern times. Often his discourse rises to the illumination of fine creative work, but again the smear of the newspaper's hasty stint blurs the artistic effects.

Yet to get the feel of a play, and the impact of its author's spirit, the next best thing to seeing it on the stage would be to get the psychic, historic and literary value of it from a Huneker report. For, besides the personal reaction on a sensitive mind, Mr. Huneker gives also in these bright, swift judgments abundant reflection and allusion from an opulent treasury of reading and observation.

Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis*, the *mea culpa* of a proud and perverse soul, is a human document quick with "agony expounded to renovation." Some find in Wilde in the dungeon the *poseur* that he seemed in the drawing-room. Being a

**De  
Profundis  
Oscar  
Wilde**

stylist, of course he cannot write without an eye to the turn of the phrase, any more than Whistler could forget the cunning crook of the scratches

that bring out the strong yet simple appeal of "The Fiddler." Yet viewing the *apologia* of Wilde as the work of a man baring his

own heart, albeit with delight of delicate skill with shining rapier, the record seems as sincere and quivering as the trembling of the moth from the cocoon. One hazardous sophistry runs through the pages—the plea that sin is only the veiled face of good, that to achieve virtue one must perforce have violated the ideal. This is ever the quicksand foothold of the degenerate. It denies the moral distinctions of the Christ and the prophets, the safe and swerveless law that the wages of sin is death.

Many books have flowered from the old romantic journey of Lewis and Clarke, but no dissertation more interest-gripping than *The Trail of Lewis and Clarke*, by Olin J. Wheeler, who a century later has trod the same ground. In this work the story of

**The Trail  
of  
Lewis and Clarke  
Olin J.  
Wheeler**

the historic highway is brought up to date, giving the aspect of it to-day, correlating the original records with

contemporary and later chronicles, and tracing the development of civilization along the storied road. As the point of departure Mr. Wheeler offers a succinct account of the Louisiana Purchase, and he appends biographies of all the exploring party. Pictures, maps, facsimiles of documents, all add to the worth of this scholarly achievement in history and letters.

With the topmost blossoming of the fiction called forth by the Lewis and Clarke centennial stands *The Conquest*, by Eva Emory Dye, author of *McGoughlin of Old Oregon*. Mrs. Dye's work in both these books is epic in outreach, masterful in grasp.

**The  
Conquest  
Eva  
Emory  
Dye**

It dramatizes the wild rush of the Anglo-Saxon across the continent, the battling of man against nature, savagery and fate. It smites the elemental chords of national aim,

heroic valor, human affection. The material has been gathered with zealous care, and though the work lacks the last creative touch that marks the literature of the master, still the tales are wrought out with a fine heat of enthusiasm.

